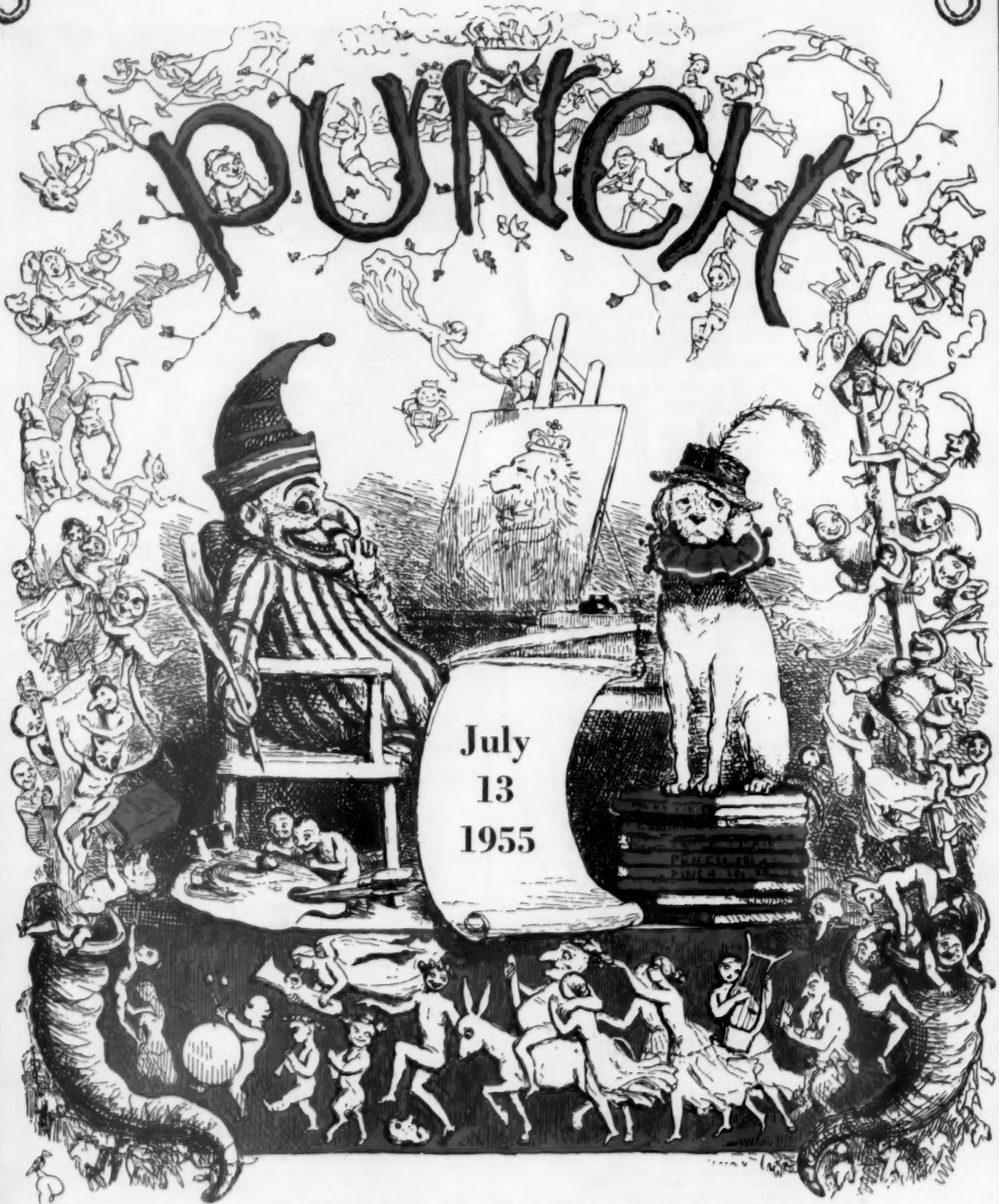


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—July 13 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

Ontario CANADA

My job as a Diesel Service Engineer for a British Firm, takes me all over the world and gives me the opportunity of sampling many foreign brands.

I have no hesitation in saying, however, that "Punchbowl" is the finest tobacco I have ever smoked; it is always my constant companion. From the humid heat of Africa and the lands of the Far East, to the sub zero temperatures of the Canadian Continent, I find "Punchbowl" consistent in quality and a pure smoking pleasure.

During my travels, many of my pipe-smoking contacts have enjoyed their first taste of "Punchbowl." There's nothing like a pipe full of "Punchbowl" to help create an atmosphere of goodwill to all men, irrespective of their class or creed.

This letter can be seen at
11, Bedford Sq., London.



Punchbowl The FULL-STRENGTH TOBACCO

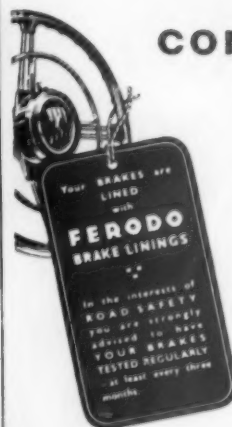
This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. In the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure whilst the medium variety is known as Barney's.

And

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.



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This label PROVES
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When, at long last, he has to reline your brakes, he'll tie this Ferodo label to your steering wheel as proof of his confidence in the reliability, safety and toughness of Ferodo Anti-Fade Brake Linings.

Expert advice on brakes

MAY SAVE LIFE—MUST SAVE MONEY

See your garage about

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* ANTI-FADE Brake Linings

* WHAT IS BRAKE FADE?

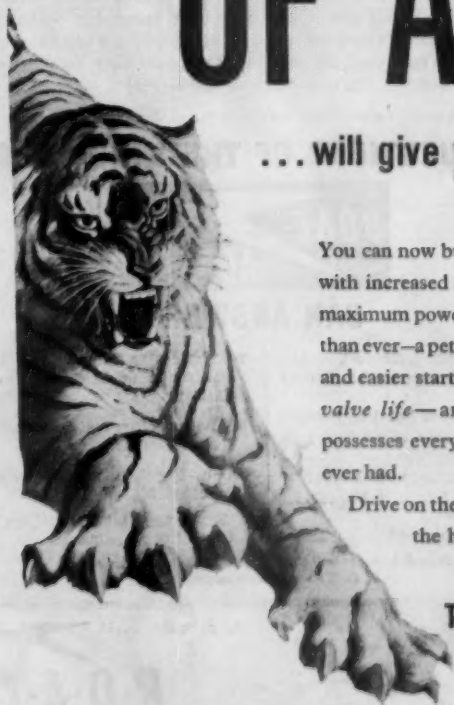
Known to racing men for years, "Fade" is a form of sudden loss of efficiency in brakes after a period of overwork. Your safety, like the racing driver's, lies in Ferodo Anti-Fade Linings—and in giving your garage man a chance to keep a check on your brakes for you.

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Be-sides help-ing bus-i-ness-es Banks will al-so help quite ord-i-nar-y peo-ple like you and me. They will look af-ter our mon-

ey for us while we are a-live and be ex-e-cut-ors for us when we are dead. Banks do a lot of good. Pa-pa is ver-y fond of Lloyds Bank. So is Ma-ma. And her o-pin-i-on carr-ies a great deal of weight.

With apologies to Mr. J. B. Priestley and Mrs. Thomas Mortimer.

★ By the way, Lloyds Bank has published a slim volume which is in the nature of a modern banking primer. It is called "Banking for Beginners". If you know of any young person who would be interested to read it, please ask for a copy at any branch of the Bank.



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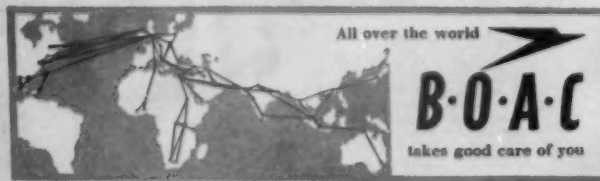
If it's a question of air travel—see your B.O.A.C. Appointed Agent first.

10 QUESTIONS OF THE KIND YOUR



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Can I leave London on a Tuesday and be in Singapore by Friday morning? | 7 What dollar allowance do I now get for a business trip to the U.S.A.? |
| 2 What's the best hotel in Beirut? | 8 What customs restrictions are in force in India? |
| 3 What's the rate of exchange in Japan? | 9 Can I get a sleeper-berth to Montreal? |
| 4 How much luggage can I take? | 10 What's the best time of the year to visit the Caribbean? |
| 5 What should I wear in Karachi in October? | |
| 6 Do I need a visa for Venezuela? | |

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IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location.

It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas.

Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for *DOCTOR AT SEA*, produced by the team who made the record-breaking *DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE*.



ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (*WEST OF ZANZIBAR*), Ceylon (*THE PURPLE PLAIN*, *THE PLANTER'S WIFE* and *THE BEACHCOMBER*), Italy (*ROMEO AND JULIET*) and New Zealand (*THE SEEKERS*).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern—a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.



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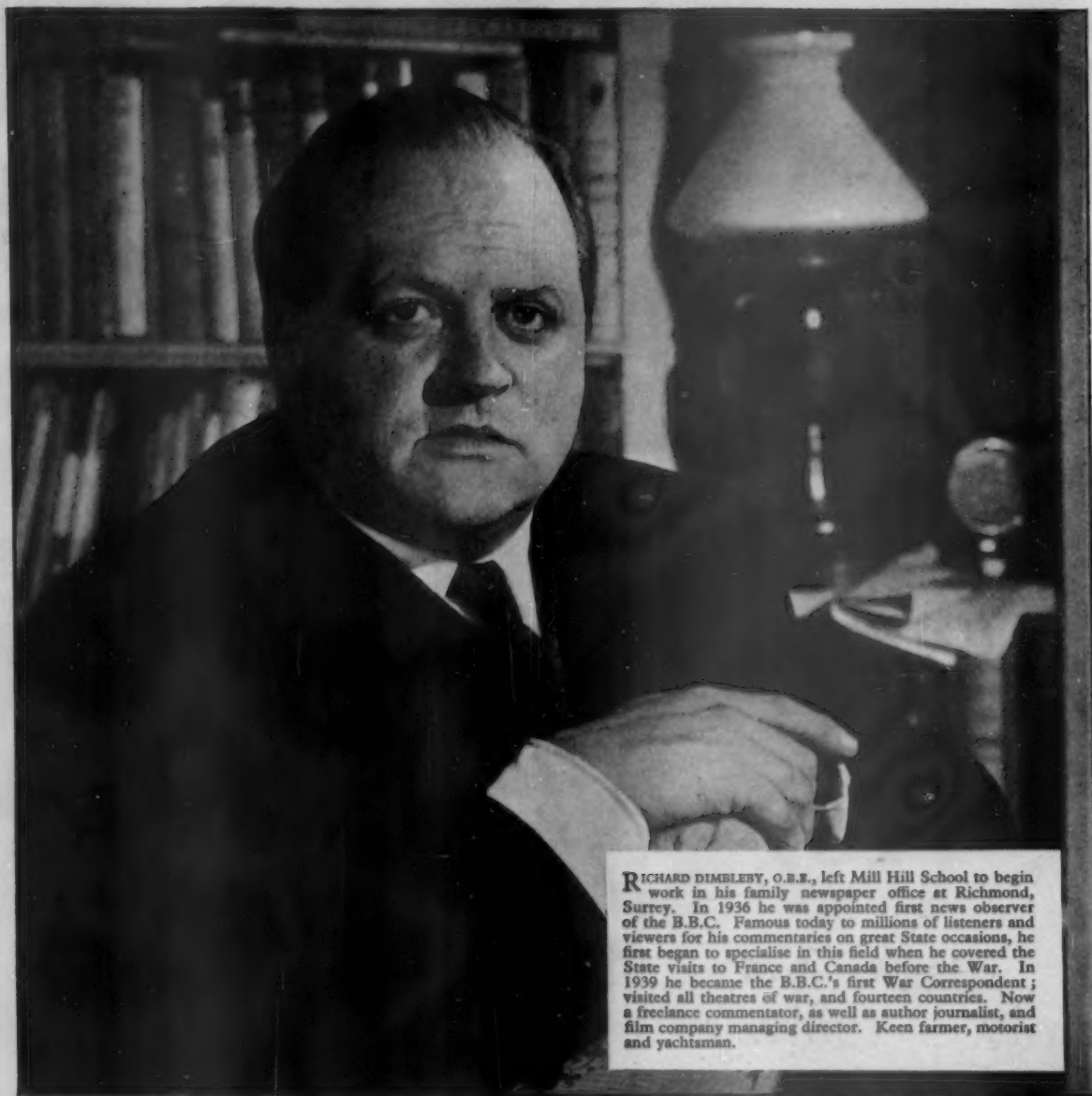
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*Accles & Pollock's
stainless steel tube
is often the
shortest distance
between
two given points*

*Whatever the need may be, if it's for corrosion
or heat-resisting steel tubes—whether
straight or manipulated, simple or complicated—
the shortest distance to the right answer is
from wherever you are now to
Accles & Pollock at Oldbury—
straight it is!*





RICHARD DIMBLEBY, O.B.E., left Mill Hill School to begin work in his family newspaper office at Richmond, Surrey. In 1936 he was appointed first news observer of the B.B.C. Famous today to millions of listeners and viewers for his commentaries on great State occasions, he first began to specialise in this field when he covered the State visits to France and Canada before the War. In 1939 he became the B.B.C.'s first War Correspondent; visited all theatres of war, and fourteen countries. Now a freelance commentator, as well as author, journalist, and film company managing director. Keen farmer, motorist and yachtsman.

"My Daily Mail" by **RICHARD DIMBLEBY**

"PERHAPS I am biased towards the Daily Mail because of my father's long association with it and because one of my boyhood memories is of him, with all the national newspapers strewn over the bed in the morning, comparing their contents with those of the Daily Mail.

I am sure, however, that this does not account wholly for the fact that the Mail is the only daily newspaper that I have read consistently for twenty-five years. I like its leaders, its sober presentation of news, and its vigour—though I

sometimes disagree with its policy.

I am particularly concerned with sound broadcasting and television. Too many newspapers handle television as a stunt, too many television critics are news reporters looking only for gossip and tit-bits. Peter Black is one of the very few who takes the job seriously, is truly critical, and writes excellent prose. This means that I have to read the back page first, but I wouldn't miss it for the world, most of all when one of my programmes is under fire!"

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Longsox 7/9**

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Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
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*Nylon for
toes and heels.
'Viyella' for
health and
comfort.*



'Viyella' Gamesox 5/9

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Self-supporting.
Refreshingly cool
in the hottest
of weather.*



IF IT SHRINKS



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Drawing from life of a man who wasn't born yesterday, specially commissioned by the House of Whitbread from

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the superb Pale Ale



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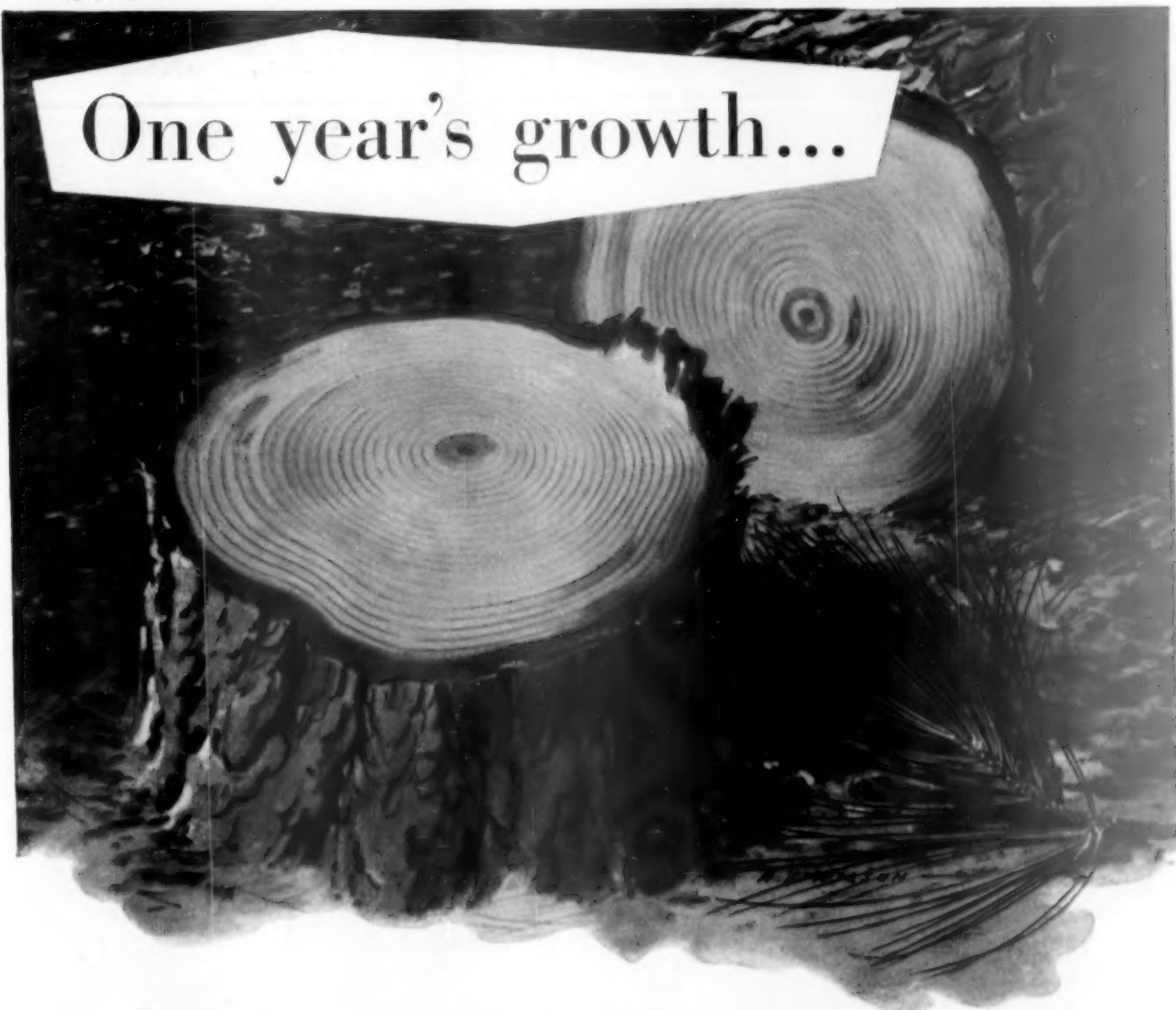
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One year's growth...



In a tree each year's growth is measured by the "rings" in the trunk. But the growth of the Reed Paper Group is measured in terms of new factories and machines. This year two new high speed wide-reel machines are under construction for the great Aylesford Mills. Together they will provide a valuable increase in the Group's total production of wrapping and printing papers.

In the field of packaging, the Group now has seven corrugated fibreboard case factories strategically placed throughout the United Kingdom to serve the main centres of industry; the output of paper sacks rises continually.

And the Group's contribution to the needs of the community goes further than developments within its own companies. During the past year new associations have been formed, at home and in the Commonwealth, with companies whose interests range from woodpulp and newsprint to packaging boards and paper handkerchiefs.

In a growing tree, each year's new wood forms next to the bark so that you can tell the age of the tree by the number of rings in the trunk. To provide woodpulp for paper making, vast areas of forest are cultivated in many parts of the world, and, from these, no fewer than three and a half million fully grown trees are harvested each year to produce woodpulp for the Reed Paper Group.

PAPER AND PACKAGING

Reed

PAPER GROUP

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Shell Nature Studies

EDITED BY
JAMES FISHER

NO.

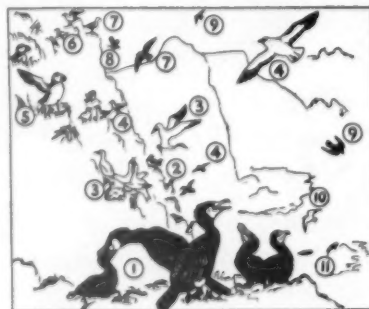
7

JULY Seascape



Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder

NORTH OR WEST OF THE HIGHLANDS lie steep islands where Atlantic-wandering sea-birds rear their young. Each kind has its special place on the cliff. Well-grown young cormorants (1) wander about the broad cliff-top ledge that houses their slummy nests, and urgently beg food from their returning parents. Guillemots (2) have young on flat, rocky ledges — young which, though not a fortnight old, will today flutter down on part-grown wings to complete their growth on the sea below. The main part of the gannet colony whitens the great rock-stack beyond, but a group of them (3) nests on the home-cliffs, on broad ledges above the guillemots: a pair's greeting is the "scissoring" display. Over half the North Atlantic's gannets nest in Scotland. Every ocean-facing high cliff in Scotland now has a colony of the increasing fulmar (4), the nearest thing to an albatross among our British nesting birds. Its egg is seven weeks hatching and its young are seven weeks fledging. Puffins (5) stand at the entrance to their nest-burrows in the turf among the sea-pinks, and a colony of herring-gulls (6) laughs and cries on the green sloping overcliff. On a rock, a great black-back (7), the biggest of our gulls, snatches of unguarded young, stands watching; and a raven (8), the other scavenger of the cliffs, patrols the air. A pair of peregrines (9), the swift falcons of the cliffs, seek prey. A kittiwake (10), most truly oceanic of the gulls, sails to its nest-place on some sheer face of the steepest cliff. In the rock-strewn sea below, grey seals (11) bathe and bask.



Shell's monthly guide to wild flowers, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix Press Ltd. at 6/6.

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The Common Furniture Beetle lays 20-60 eggs in wood cracks. The grubs eat and tunnel for 2-4 years before emerging.

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THAT PLINKETY-PLONK ON OLYMPUS . . .



. . . was the first ukulele. MERCURY made it by fixing strings on a tortoise shell and probably annoyed the Sun which, after all, was a mere 36,000,000 miles off. If this is the music of the gods, he said, you can have it. MERCURY was the god of merchants and thieves, and babies born under him are good at arithmetic.

To assist him in part-time work as messenger-boy he wore wings on his boots, an aid to flight frowned on by modern aero-dynamics, but useful for a quick getaway after a tortoise shell solo.

Here today, gone tomorrow, that's MERCURY, characteristic of all planets. All but one, that is. Nothing could be more constant than

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY (EST: 1848).

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Devised by
Stephen Potter

Drawn by
Loudon Sainthill

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA & THE WOMAN FIGURE

Visitors to Schweppsylvania will notice the reverence there, more than anywhere, for the female, and the importance, to the Schweppsygian, of the woman-figure. Here we see, being important to the typical man, the typical Girl Next Door-figure, the Woman He Married-figure, the Woman he Nearly Met-figure, the Campus-figure, the Mother-figure, the Girl at School-figure, the Girl he was Never Able to Speak to-figure, and His Friend's Secretary-figure.

SCHWEPPERESCENT LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH



CHARIVARIA

THAT midnight bang that woke half London and sleepers thirty miles to the south turned out, as everyone knows now, to be nothing more than a Javelin fighter breaking the sound barrier in a fit of absent-mindedness. This had nothing to do with the main front-page headline of the *Sunday Express* a day or two before, announcing NIGHT FIGHTER SHOCK; that was just a report about the Javelin not being any good.

Anyone Help?

DETAILS of last week's Hillbilly Homecoming, annually celebrated in Maryville, Tennessee, received little mention in British papers, perhaps because students of the "Program of Activities" could offer readers no background information on one of the items: in a week's continuous festivity which included Square Dancin', Round Dancin', Hog Rifle Shooting, Coon Dog Hunting, Snuff Dippin', Hog Callin', Fireworks, Folk Games, Tobacco Spit-tin', an Ox-cart Parade, a Storekeepers' Party, an Ole Time Rummage Sale, and contests for the Farthest Away Guest



and the Best Dressed Little Hillbilly (lap chillun excluded), the attraction billed for 7.15 p.m. on the Wednesday evening stood out stark and inexplicable: "ALEC ROBERTSON, of the British Embassy."

Stop-Gap

ALONG with much other interesting information brought to the public by the "Atoms for Peace" exhibition now touring Britain is the fact that the world's sources of uranium will provide

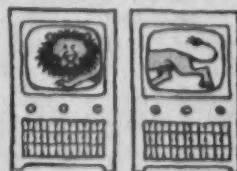
atomic power for the next six thousand years. By then, perhaps, a solution may have been found to difficulties in the coal-mining industry.

Is Anybody There?

AMERICAN hospitals are being equipped with a device which, when a patient's blood-pressure begins to rise dangerously, calls for the nurse. Until it reaches this country British patients will stick to the old system of calling for a nurse until their blood-pressure begins to rise dangerously.

Plus Ça Change

AMONG early hints of I.T.A. attractions now seeping through comes the news that Michaela and Armand Denis will be presenting a series of their animal films. It is not known what viewers will feel who have had their



sets expensively converted in the hope of a change from Michaela and Armand Denis presenting a series of their animal films.

Down With Someone-or-Other

SPECIALISTS in hammer-blow statistics, Moscow papers are at the top of their form with reports that "123,543,604 Soviet citizens have signed an appeal against preparations for an atomic war." This impressive total of dotted lines may simply be due, however, to the novelty of being able to vote against something for a change.

Rocked in the Cradle

Now that sailors' quarters at Devonport are nearing completion, with cock-tail bars, lounges, billiards tables,

writing-rooms, gay curtains and décor in pastel shades combining to produce what one report describes as a "home-from-home" atmosphere, the only problem remaining is that of the sailors' wives in making them a home that such a home-from-home can be a home-from-home from.

Smaller and Safer

BOMBS in the headlines are a commonplace, and hardly a day passes without zestful announcements of the newest advance in devastation power or



destruction area. A recent report (headed "BOMBS") was refreshing or disappointing according to taste in its description of a Cyprus household under bombardment who escaped injury because "the shutters were up."

Middlemen

BRITISH Transport's 831,223 employees are classified in the Commission's recently published annual report, showing 577,183 on the railways, 115,640 on the roads, 90,448 in the Tubes, and so on. The last item, "Others, 632" seems puzzling at first, but may refer to the men in railway uniform who stand outside the London terminuses hailing taxis for people who can perfectly well hail them for themselves, and sixpence cheaper.

World Laughs With You

COMEDY in high places has slumped badly since Nasser and Neguib closed in "Box and Cox," Senator McCarthy abandoned his patter act and Nye

Bevan went legitimate. Luckily, there is always an outpost, and in this case President Perón holds it grimly with the wisecrack about his excommunication being "possibly prompted by misunderstanding or lack of information."

Guilty Moment

STRIKING new uniforms proffered by the Council to Lynton deck-chair men have been declined. If successful collections are to be made from hirers, said a spokesman, "you have to creep up on



them before they sheer off." But surely this only applies to the business man on holiday? Naturally he is apt to spring to his feet on the arrival of the chairman.

Character Part

MR. KHRUSHCHEV's sudden transformation from a cold political engine to a saloon-bar hearty has relieved and delighted millions. But how many of them consider the strain on the man behind the mask? To be obliged for mere policy purposes to tell jokes about mothers-in-law, to choke down alien Scotch-and-soda, to radiate affability in the embassies of the West—this is a terrible price to pay for the fruits of office. When he snaps back, even more suddenly, to the Khrushchev we once knew, we must try to understand and tell ourselves that it couldn't last. He is only human, after all.

Without Menaces

DOCTORS who are also barristers have been forbidden by the General Council of the Bar to add the title "Barrister at Law" when signing their medical reports. And, of course, when following up heavy outstanding bills.

Maltese Cross

A SEAT at Westminster? We'd not begrudge it.

But what weight's lifted from the Maltese backs

If, as the price of voting on our Budget,

They have to pay our rates of income tax?

THE PILTDOWN FUSILIERS

SOUTHERN Command have taken a step in the right direction by providing a group of archaeologists with a hutted camp, beds, bedding, tables and chairs, so that they may more conveniently excavate a Bronze Age barrow in the Salisbury Plain area. But they have not gone far enough.

At this season of the year Salisbury Plain is populated by great numbers of Territorial soldiers, former National Servicemen keeping up with current methods of warfare. Year after year they finish their annual training with the same two complaints: they have been made to have their hair cut, and they have not had enough to do.

It is not likely that many of these young men read *The Times*; but if any of them have been able to spare it a glance in between taking the officers' dogs for a walk and painting scenery for the Brigade concert party they may well have felt more frustrated than ever, for it appears that such training as they do achieve is more-or-less useless.

"It is extremely doubtful," says *The Times*, "even if we had some warning of war, whether Territorial divisions could be mobilized and transported to the Continent in time to be of use." "The T.A.," it adds, "would be wanted

in a hot war for duties at home, particularly for rescue work with the Mobile Defence Corps."

Territorials crawling damped about Salisbury Plain with five rounds of blank in the magazines of their obsolete rifles are, in fact, wasting their time.

This is where Southern Command could show imagination. Basically there is not much difference between digging Bronze Age remains out of barrows and digging casualties out of the hydrogen-blasted ruins of a great metropolis. It is true that the ruins will show a greater degree of radioactivity than the barrows, but for training purposes radioactivity can easily be simulated by the use of flags, rattles, and the compulsory wearing of anti-radioactivity kit by all ranks on Wednesdays between 0900 hrs. and 1230 hrs.

In short, the most sensible thing Southern Command can do with their Territorials is to offer them all to the archaeologists for digging fatigues.

Of course there are not enough barrows in Salisbury Plain to occupy them all indefinitely, but Southern Command is full of interesting archaeological phenomena. Piltown alone could occupy a battalion for a week without exhausting its mysteries.

Other Commands too can play their part. There must be enough excavation available along the site of Hadrian's Wall, for example, to provide annual training for all the Territorials in the country for many summers to come.

There are bound to be objections from the "blimps" to the effect that digging up remains is not work for soldiers; but if the training is imaginatively devised they need never know that they are digging up remains, except the remains of the hypothetical capital of Blueand or Redland. And one indisputable advantage of the scheme is that it will provide incidentally a small cadre of trained archaeologists who will be available in war to excavate the sites of our cities and find out something about the manner of life of Neo-Elizabethan Man. B. A. Y.





*How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!*

The Urgent West: or There's a Long, Long Train of Powder A-winding

THE man his friends called Jack was standing at the bar of English justice curiously arraigned, curiously arrayed, curiously coiffed. From the Press desk he had a cardboard look, two-dimensional almost, except where his too-long, too-gold hair curled in the ducktail fashionable to his age and income-group. There is no text-book on the changing fashions in the Englishman's coiffure. But it is incontrovertible that these male fashions are made such by the off-male, who, with obscurantist persistence, tends to draw from the supermale ideas which he then distorts, through the alembic of his own quasi-effeminacy, into a fashion for fops. The ordered barbering of the Guards ensign of St. James's becomes the carefully disordered etiolation of the locks that is, at this writing, the wave-length of the Tottenham Court

By R. A. USBORNE

Road corner-boy. Samson's matted mane becomes a page-boy's bob. *La nuque rébarbative*, twisted by knaves, becomes a trap for fools.

The face of the young man in the dock was white, as though all his waking hours were spent with a pack of cards in light ever reflected from green baize. The colour was strangely drained from his eyes too. But it is the fallacy of our age, a fallacy to be watched for and disallowed, that we, following behind in a small automobile, think the driver of the lurching leviathan in front of us to be an ambling muscle-rippling Alp, ready to fight: that we think the editor of a raucous paper must himself be raucous: that we think a man whose haircut is odious is himself odious. No reason why, sobeit one rows across

a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat, one should cease being a finick in thought. There were those who noticed, in profile, the back of the head, curl-clustered and gold, before the more expected front. To those on the Press bench familiar with the Histories of Herodotus there came the picture of Hippocleides, suitor for a princess, cavorting his chances away with feet kicking where his head should have been. It is conceivable that Justice, personally embodied, could have wished unconsciously, by the Jung-Adler law of compensation, to see that curled head rolling in the blood-stained dust. But no wise person will write an unnecessary word about capital, literally capital, punishment, for fear of straying into the field of writing pornography for prying eyes. Suffice it to say that those who did not care for Herodotus saw there

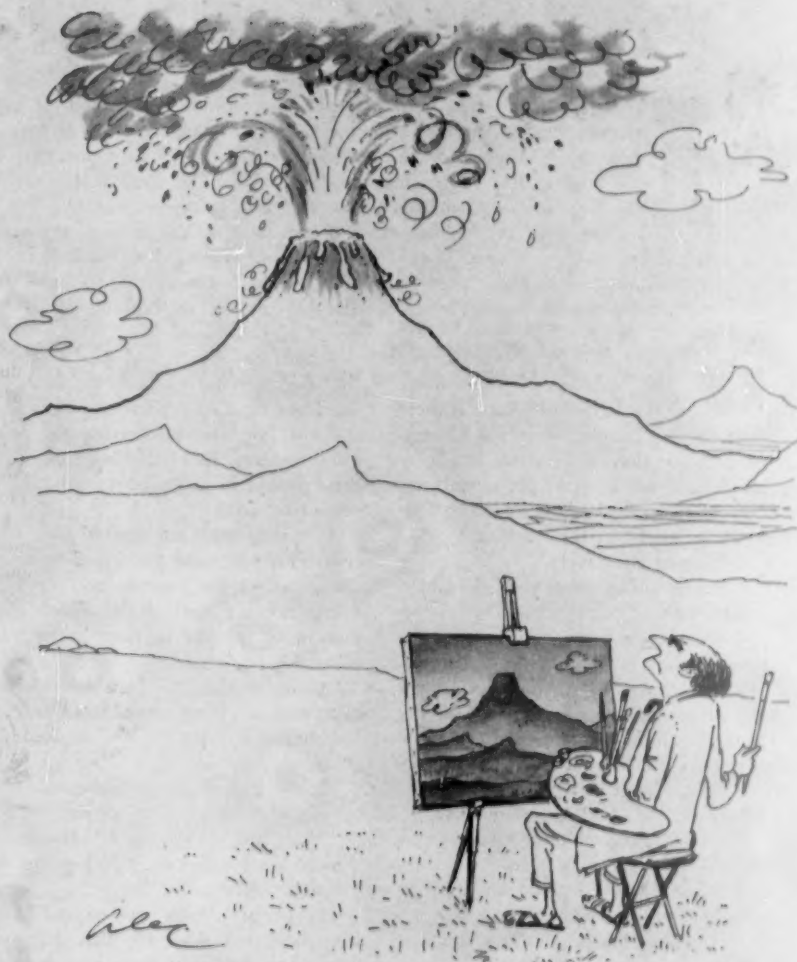


"To think we'd have been rolling in money if you hadn't frightened the horse."

only a pale young man with long burnished hair. All found, to a woman, that they had to struggle to retain their passionate dispassion. Once again it seemed questionable that such a trial should be before an all-male jury.

What is Truth? Pilate jested and would not stay for an answer. To-day's dollar-a-word question is: What—or who—makes a good story in a magazine or newspaper? Is the need to be there when news happens—and to write it well? Or to make news happen and to write it well? It has been said before, wisely too, that the greatest newspaperman (or woman) is he (or she) who can write a great story and then draw the truth towards it.

Through the hot and humid atmosphere (in London it's the heat *and* the humidity), charged with electricity, of the small court the jurymen began, as week succeeded week, to lose their human looks. And as the man in the dock reminded the expensively educated of Hippocleides, so the twelve men in the jury-box acquired animal characteristics, almost animal shapes. Each man had come from afar from his home burrow. Kafka-like he sat in another burrow now, herded with eleven others unlike unto himself, all small (compared with the pomp and ceremony of the *optimates* of the trial), all pledged to sit and be shouted at and exhorted and instructed and cozened, till the trial in its infinite convolutions be untangled to its close. Yet no close, barring disintegration, could come without the agreement of these twelve small animal-cules. The box the jurymen sat in swayed and creaked like some Nicaean bark beating into Famagusta with the Pleiads westering. It seemed as if it might tip over at the brush of a girl's skirt. But these were daydreams as the trial proceeded. Man, brought into life through millions of millennia, evolved from the single-celled amoeba of the receding sea, surviving and reproducing his kind of survivors since the days when Everest was formed under the oceans, comes to a man-made court in this year of grace, to try a fellow man and perhaps to condemn him to lose, angrily and suddenly, the life for which he has been made. Man disposes of his social outcasts behind prison walls and in the potter's field. So Life is fed on death, and Time is empirically real albeit transcendently ideal, and the



New Yorker can carry twelve thousand words of this kind of thing twisting through eye-patched advertisements for ever.

The man his friends called Jack was fighting for his life. He had decided to fight alone, and without counsel. Now in the law of England the Crown can sue and be sued. *Regina v.* is the titling of many a case in the law reports of the fourpennyworth of news the average Englishman reads with his breakfast. The State, hiding titularly behind the ermine of the sovereign, calls to justice and is called to justice. Seldom however is monarchy or royalty present at the trials in person. A Prince of Wales, yes. Within the memories of some not yet ninety, the Queen of England's eldest son appeared as witness in a case

involving a game of baccarat and a nobleman who was said to have cheated at a country house week-end game. But a king or a queen in court? They have appeared only nominally in the law courts these many years, their majesty inviolate behind the façade of *Rex and Regina*.*

This then was a case for the history books. For the man his friends called Jack was appearing to defend himself against a present queen's accusation, and the king himself was sitting on the bench of justice. The queen, in fact, was making her wishes all too plainly known. "Off with his head!" she shouted, a cantrip which would have led to the quashing of the trial in any but a...

*Twenty pages omitted here.

London Revisited

One Track Mind

By D. F. KARAKA



IT all began at Santa Cruz airport when I decided to take the 5.30 out of India. Slinging the overnight bag of our nationalized airline over my shoulder I weighed in.

"Two hundred and eight pounds, sir," the airline official said. He also said it was "all right."

As he was filling in forms and coupons he explained his cryptic remark. "We have to be careful these days with people weighing heavy. Sometimes thin little men weigh so much and we have to get suspicious. One or two nawabs have recently been wearing jewels on their bellies."

I listened attentively.

"But no doubt about you," he added reassuringly.

I drew in my breath and went to the next stage of formality—Customs. Without much ado a polite Customs official scrawled a chalk mark on my bags. "Going to Moscow, sir?" he added as a signature tune.

"Why, is this plane going to Moscow?" I asked apprehensively.

"No, sir. Plane going to London, but Pandit Nehru is in Moscow."

I assured him I had no intention of getting off the plane.

Next came Passport. The Bombay police were familiar with mine. Even

so, as a precaution, he scanned through the visas. "French, Spanish, Egyptian, Swiss, Italian . . ." he murmured to himself. Then he looked at me and asked: "Not going to Moscow?"

I indicated with a shake of my head I was not. From experience I knew that it paid not to say anything to the Bombay police, so nothing could be added to the record.

Health was easier, and soon I was in the waiting-room ready to emplane. I sat down on a cane chair sipping a last coconut juice before leaving the prohibition zone. In a half-hour from now there would be no need to produce a permit to drink.

A local newshound spotted me. He covered airport news for a leading daily—one of those newspapers which prints nothing until it is official and then only with the cautious prefix "It is reliably understood."

"Going to Moscow?" the newshound said, more as a statement of fact awaiting corroboration than a question needing an answer.

"No," I said in a non-committal fashion.

"Not going to Moscow?" His tone showed great surprise. "Not going to cover the secret talks?"

This keen airport newshound was obviously referring to the Nehru-Bulganin talks—or if those were not so secret, then those between Nehru and Khrushchev. "No use to my paper," I said. "Before I can publish the secret talks they'll be out in the local press."

"Attention, please," boomed the loud-speaker. "All passengers . . ."

The time for departure had arrived. I said my good-byes and walked across the tarmac to the Super-Connie, *Rani of Ajanta*.

We queued up at the gangway and as I boarded it a little Indian in the airline company's well-washed white uniform peeled off a crisp salute.

"Good luck, sir," he said in an ominous undertone. "I'll look forward to reading your dispatches from Moscow."

I acknowledged his greeting without protest. By now I was beginning to wonder why I was not going to Moscow after all. Pandit Nehru was there.

All along the 10,000-mile route of the magic carpet, which our airline treads in true oriental fashion, the same question was asked of me a dozen times: "Going to Moscow?" The Russian capital appeared to have acquired added importance—now that Pandit Nehru was there.

It was the same at breakfast in Cairo, when the question was shot out at me by an airport receptionist who had obviously been garlicking the night before. The same at Geneva from one of our airline representatives; and again at Paris.

It was on the last lap to London that I got into conversation with a V.I.P. on board, a Minister in Pandit Nehru's government.

"Only this morning I heard you were on the plane," he said to me, introducing himself as the Minister of —.

I was more generous. I said I was aware of his V.I.P. presence on board, but did not know which of the passengers he was. Ministers and ordinary people looked so much alike now that freedom had come.

Knowing that I was a newspaperman, he gave me an on-the-spot press-conference. He told me all about the achievements of Mr. Nehru's government, with particular reference to the achievements of his own department. The food problem was solved; there were no famines; mangoes were so plentiful this year, we had shipped a few thousand to Moscow as goodwill-promotion gifts to the comrades.

"Oh, yes, Moscow. Are you going to Moscow?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied. "I am going for a few weeks to London."

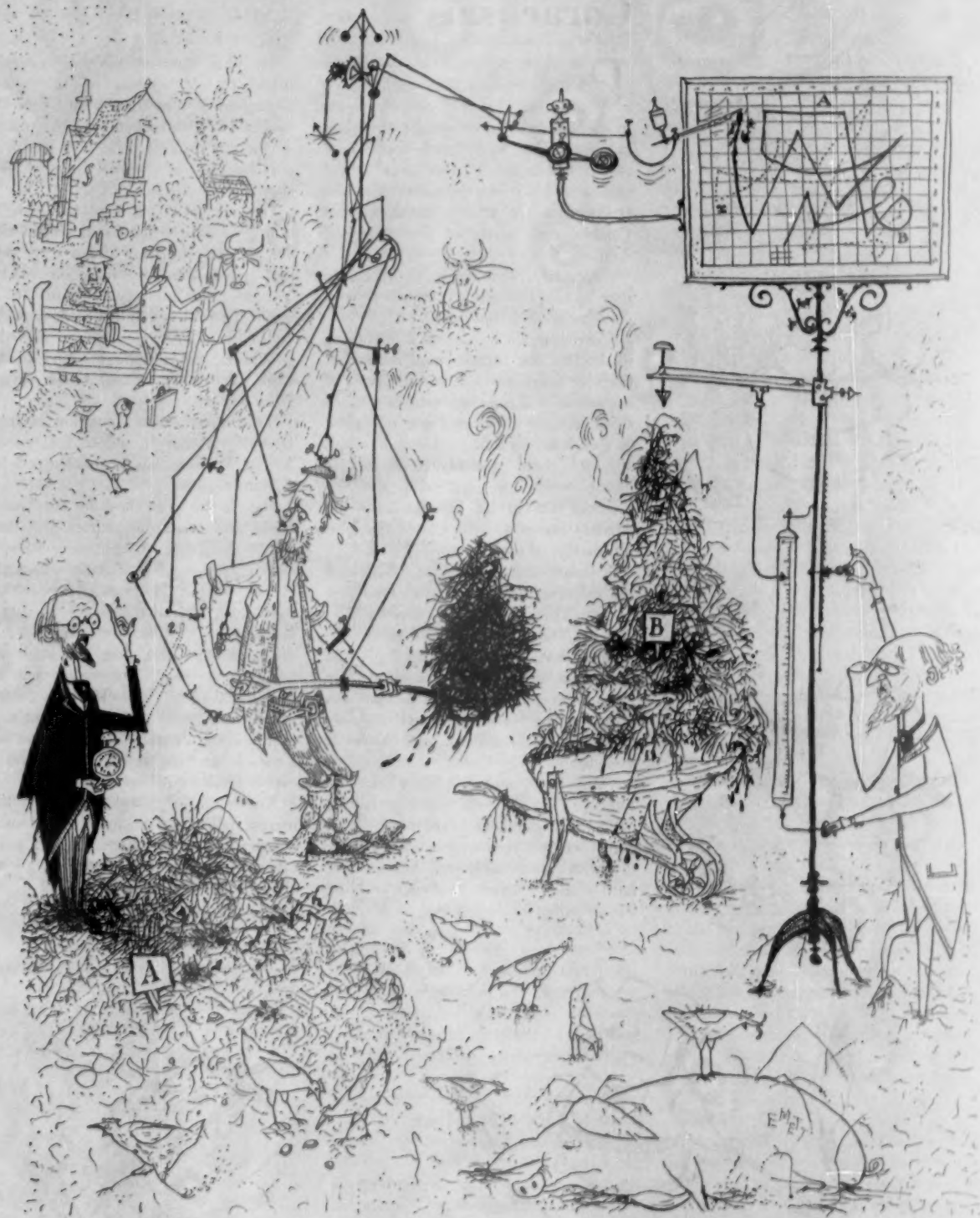
"London?" His face screwed up in painful surprise. "What for to London?" he asked in semi-Sanskrit English.

"Eden is there," I said, closing the chapter.

Froud Record

"Sir Harold Sutcliffe, M.P. for Heywood and Royton, retires to-night. He and his agent, Mr. J. G. H. Somervell, have been together since 1951 and have never lost an election."—*Manchester Guardian*





It is reported that time and motion study techniques are beginning to invade the farmyard.

Coraclism

By CLAUD COCKBURN



PROBABLY there are places in Latin America that ought to go too, and certainly nobody wants to discriminate for or against anything, but a start has to be made somewhere and it had better be this Aran Island situation, by which is meant also the position as it affects north-western Canada and much of, for example, Arabia.

Succinctly, our frame of reference may be said to include everywhere with coracles or their equivalent.

Current medical research is beginning to disclose the coracle—and remember that in many cases a certain type of snowshoe or a goat-hair tent in a sand-storm can, to all intents and purposes, be a coracle—as a major factor in what, although there probably is no lack of better terms, we will call for the moment the Human Dilemma, causing Anxiety States, Gastric Conditions, and ultimately, of course, war.

A simple test will suffice. Think of the calmest, most contented man you know. Then go to him, quite frankly, and say "Quite frankly, Old calm contented Boy, about coracles." Nine times out of ten—as was shown by exhausting experiments in Chicago—his reply will be "What?" which is fairly conclusive. In the Pittsburgh Survey it was found that among men who at any time had been voted Most Likely to Succeed, less than one per cent had at the time so much as heard of coracles, and when told they were a type of boat, or currach, noticeably frail and made of laths and tarred canvas, replied "Interesting."

In this connection the rejoinder made by Aly Khan to the query addressed to him by a Steward of the Jockey Club who asked him, as a matter of interest, whether he had heard of coracles, is of more than passing significance. He said "No."

Or look at it this way. You are as strong as an average ox, having a rich vein of salty humour and a very, very real appreciation of simple old truths. Your eyes are not only clear and steady but will crinkle around the edges at the tap of a vein. You are redolent of earthy goodness. So you snuggle back in the Club Car with your thumbs up, saying Okay so far.

This was the exact position of John Doe of Pittsburgh, whose real name, Arthur Watson, has been changed for obvious reasons.

Next thing you know he read some books and magazine articles and they were about—to take one example among many—Men of Aran who were everything John D. was and plus that they did it in frail coracles—wresting a precarious living from the remorseless ocean which, etc., etc., to such an extent that John Doe never felt so humiliated in his life. He knew, deep down inside, and all over, too, on top, that he couldn't take a coracle. Man has a coracle, and his tangy goodness leaves everyone else nowhere.

Nor is bull-fighting more than the merest palliative. Aficionados and such are good, of course; better, in fact, than other people; but not so good by a long chalk as people wresting a frail living from a precarious coracle.

It is a known fact that when Robert Flaherty made that great film *Man of Aran* many people gave up even trying to keep up and the moral tone took quite a toss. Which ties in with the fact that "the tent," as Brigadier John Bagot Glubb of the Arab Legion says, "is at its worst on a day of dust-storm. Then the poles are set at an angle to face the storm, and the tent acts rather as an inefficient wind-break than as a roof. To open the eyes is painful, for the sharp particles of sand soon make them smart. To eat or drink is impossible."

Arising out of that he tells a good one about this girl Maysun and Yezid, second Kahlif of Damascus A.D. 680. Yezid, claims the Brigadier, "lived in a palace, surrounded by luxury, magnificently clad, and himself fat and indulgent. He married a Bedouin girl" (this was Maysun) "brought in from a tent in the desert."

Hopelessly naïve, and absurdly ignorant of Coraclism, this Yezid thought the girl was going to be absolutely dazzled. "Look," he said, "no sands." She gave him a look which should have warned him, and said "If you don't mind, I have some letters to write." He said that was all right, he would indulge for a bit till she was ready, but what she did write was not a letter but a poem which, about thirteen hundred years later, was handed to a Professor Nicholson to translate.

The crust I ate beside my tent

Was more than this fine bread to me
are two lines which give you more or



less the idea, and towards the end of it this girl, with the sand hardly out of her eyes, mind you, became actually insulting, stating in so many words that

More than purr of friendly cat

I love the watchdog's bark to hear;

And more than any lubbard fat

I love a Bedouin cavalier.

Later, she spread a story that he was not merely fat but an alcoholic—nobody had ever taken a drink in that tent, naturally—and Yezid (Brigadier Glubb suppresses this fact, but Dutch orientalist de Geoe let it out) had to get out a song number called "No Bibber He," and have his troops sing it all the time to aid morale.

This Maysun was obviously an Aggressive-type Coraclist, which most of the people actually wrestling in their frail craft are not, being too busy; but it makes no difference to what is termed the End-Effect of Coraclism, as was learned early on by fastidious though not highly productive novelist and script-writer Christopher Isherwood who, in an autobiographical work rather confusingly entitled *Lions and Shadows*, says in youth he was bothered—it's all psychological really—about something he called the Test; worry about not having actually enough on the ball to face up to It All when It happened.

This novelist and script-writer who is the subject of our little discussion thought he thought this was some sort of guilt thing to do with having been too young to fight in World War I, which is where he made his notable error, because anyone can have a war and most people do, and what was really worrying him—as he would have realized had he stopped to think, but in the stress of modern living how many of us fail to do just that?—was some book he very likely read about men on snowshoes, having a rich vein of salty humour and deep appreciation of, etc., etc., while yet pushing those things about on their feet to wrest precarious living from snowy wastes.

You can't compete with snowshoes.

Sparta was invented for the same reason. Nobody in Athens had ulcers, and the kids had Group Adjustment and everything, until someone cooked up this story about people living entirely on porridge or whatever it was, and actually enjoying being in barracks, and that silly tale about the lad who, rather

than make a scene in church, let a fox-cub he was carrying under his shirt eat through his flesh and get at his liver. The mere idea of people with standards like that was supposed to undermine the Athenians, make them feel discouraged and inferior, and it did.

The reason why nothing happened after that for around two thousand years was partly because for a long bit of that period *everybody* was in a coracle, or had, as the saying went, the "skids" under him, and openly acknowledged it by frankly terming this section of history the Dark Ages.

And we don't want to have a lot of people jump up and start nattering about the eighteenth century and the Cult of the Noble Savage because it misfired. True, a *soi-disant* progressive "philosophe" who ought to have known better turned up at the Court of Versailles and said "Look at those Hurons reported by intrepid explorers, too numerous for individual mention, living nobly beside Lake Ontario. They're better men than you are, so are you not abashed?" To which the Marquis Jean d'Oe, whom he happened to be addressing, replied "Them and how many bread-fruit? Ever take a look at the plumbing in this place, and cows, no less—it says here in my Memoirs—nosing up and down the ornate *coulisses*, and what'll be next'll be the French Revolution. Yet I retain my rich vein of salty humour. Care to hear an epigram?"

British Queen Victoria did a near-coracle when she went off to Balmoral, Scotland, and encouraged a lot of semi-Germans to go about in tartan kilts.

Film-man Louis B. Mayer pioneered a significant drive when he went to Rome and saw a film by famed Swedish Director and early Garbo-man, Stiller. Stiller had made his film about reindeer, which are as near coracles as makes no difference, and Louis B. Mayer, according to a hitherto published anecdote, said "When that man makes a film about people I'll look at it," and Stiller did, and Mayer did, and so you got Greta Garbo.

More recently you had Aramco, and now a woman in Galway has bought some kind of big motor-boat for people from there and adjacent parts such as Aran to go fishing in.

All I can say is I wish old Yezid were here to see it.

Stars Look Down in the Mouth By J. B. BOOTHROYD

At last week's British Dental Association conference it was suggested that the thinning ranks of our dentists could best be filled by glamorising the profession, as Cronin and Hollywood glamorised the doctors. Why not?

FADE-in on mean London street. Outside his fish-and-chip shop stands JASPER WIGGS, looking surlily out of shot. Camera pans to what he sees, REX TUGWELL proudly surveying a brass plate he has just screwed to the door of the adjoining house. REX is young, eager, clean-cut, curly-haired, serious, shabby and not unlike Gregory Peck, Dirk Bogarde, Van Heflin, Jack Hawkins and James Stewart. Camera tracks in to close-up of plate. R. TUGWELL, QUALIFIED DENTIST.

WIGGS (unpleasantly): *You'll not make your fortune in these parts, mister.*

REX (pleasantly): *I haven't come to make my fortune. Only to relieve pain and suffering. I suppose I couldn't start on you?*

WIGGS turns (on his heel) and goes in. REX looks humorously after him, twirling his screwdriver jauntily. Dissolve to: Interior REX's surgery, neat but barely furnished. In a rack are pliers, a bradawl and other carpentry tools. REX sits disconsolate, reading a book on "First Permanent Molars." Cut to Exterior, street. CLARA, a pretty waif of twenty or so, is leading two weeping children with swollen faces.

CLARA: *Never mind, I know a magician around here. He'll soon make the pain go away.*

Into shot, overtaking CLARA, comes a large opulent limousine. Cut to Interior limousine. LORD DRAGWOOD, holding aching face, leans forward and raps on chauffeur's screen.

DRAGWOOD: *Here, man, here's one. Stop the car.*

Interior, surgery. REX starts up as bell rings. Goes to front door. CLARA and children are there.

CLARA (indicating children): *They have the toothache. Can you help?*



"What kind of a tender are you putting in for the Smythe-Marjoribanks wedding?"

REX (whimsically): *That's what I'm for, to help. Come in, and mind the hole in the mat.*

DRAGWOOD rushes into scene, still holding face. He pushes past CLARA and the children.

DRAGWOOD: *I'm in agony. My name is Dragwood—Lord Dragwood. I will pay anything you ask, but remove this tooth!*

REX (calmly): *Wait outside, Lord Dragwood. This lady was first.*

REX closes door. DRAGWOOD is amazed, and begins to pace up and down the pavement, groaning. Dissolve to: Interior surgery. REX has operated on both children, and is cleaning pliers. Children and CLARA are laughing happily.

CLARA (to REX): *There, I told them I knew a magician.*

REX: *It doesn't take a magician to deal with a couple of multituberculate lateral incisors.*

CLARA: *How much do I owe you?*

REX: *How much have you got?*

CLARA: *I'm afraid I've got nothing.*

REX: *Then that's how much you owe me.*

CLARA: *You're a real magician.*

REX sees them out, as hammering on door is heard. Cut to LORD DRAGWOOD hammering on door. Door opens and REX ushers out CLARA and children.

REX: *And tell them not to eat so much fish-and-chips. It rots the modified papillae of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which is impregnated with lime salts. (to LORD DRAGWOOD): Now, sir.*

CLARA: *Good-bye, magician.*

CHILDREN: *Goo'-bye, madishun.*

REX looks after them fondly, then leads LORD DRAGWOOD towards the surgery. Dissolve.

Fade in. LORD DRAGWOOD is mopping his mouth-corner, beaming happily.

DRAGWOOD: *Miraculous! And all with carpentering tools!*

REX: *It's all I can afford.*

DRAGWOOD (hands fiver): *Here. At least buy yourself a few forceps. Here's my card. If you ever want setting up in the West End, let me know. You'd make a fortune.*

REX: *I don't want to make a fortune. Only to relieve pain and suffering and . . .*

DRAGWOOD: *Yes?*

REX: *To lift the curse of fish-and-chips.*

He places DRAGWOOD's card on the mantelpiece, but his thoughts are elsewhere. Dissolve to:

A street-corner. REX is addressing a small crowd.

REX: *. . . and how can you expect the kiddies' teeth to grow strong and healthy when they eat nothing but fried rock salmon and pappy potatoes?*

Camera pans among crowd. JASPER WIGGS is listening. He makes a sideways movement of his head to another man and they move off stealthily. Dissolve to:

Interior REX's surgery. It has been wrecked. Furniture is overturned. His new instruments smashed. Teeth are

scattered everywhere. The door opens and REX comes in followed by CLARA. They gaze appalled. REX suddenly bursts into tears.

CLARA: *Never mind, darling. We can start afresh...*

REX: *Yes. But not here.*

CLARA: *Rex! You're not—?*

She follows REX's eye as it travels to LORD DRAGWOOD's card on the mantelpiece.

REX: *Yes. Why should I give my life—our lives—for this?*

CLARA: *But—the kiddies!*

REX: *They managed before I came. They'll manage after I'm gone. I'm going to be rich. Clara, when I'm rich, will you marry me?*

CLARA (choking): *No. Oh, no!*

She runs out. REX looks after her, then around the ruins of the room, and crosses to LORD DRAGWOOD's card. Slow dissolve to: A beautifully appointed dental surgery. Camera tracks in to close-up of a gleaming receptacle. A hand holding glittering forceps throws a tooth into the receptacle, then another and another. Teeth shower in. Music matches the rhythm of the cascading teeth. Leaves flutter off a calendar, outside in the Park, trees bud, blossom and fall. Over all the teeth continue to rain. Polished shoes with soft tread walk over deep pile carpets. They are REX's. We follow him through sumptuous halls into a large opulent limousine. He gets in, speaks to the chauffeur through a voice-pipe.

REX: *Buckingham Palace, Charles.*

Car glides off, various policemen saluting.

Dissolve to a vista of narrow streets. REX speaks irritably through voice pipe.

REX: *Where are you going?*

CHARLES: *I'm afraid I've missed the way, Sir Rex. I'll turn right, here.*

REX cranes forward suddenly.

REX: *No, no. Go straight on.*

Ahead we see a familiar mean street. As from the car, we slow down and stop opposite a stained brass plate, just legible, R. TUGWELL, QUALIFIED DENTIST. Outside is a queue of weeping children. Cut to interior of REX's old surgery, crowded with children. CLARA is drawing a child's tooth.

CLARA: *There, dear. Come on, Tom, you're next.*

TOM: *Yes, Miss Cumberfoot.*

The door bursts open. REX is there.

CLARA: *Rex! You've come home.*

REX: *Clara! I've come home. Give me those forceps.*

CLARA: *Let me just finish this batch, because...*

REX follows her gaze to the last chair in the room, where JASPER WIGGS sits hugging a swollen face.

REX: *I understand, darling. I'll be back.*

Cut to street, where chauffeur is waiting. REX comes out of house.

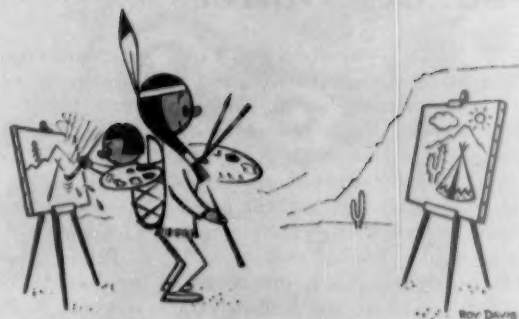
REX (to chauffeur): *You're fired.*

CHAUFF: *Very good, Sir Rex.*

Car drives off. Paper-boy enters shot. REX buys paper and glances at headlines. Insert, headlines. NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE IS LAW. DOCTORS, DENTISTS TO BE PAID BY STATE. He looks sharply after departing car.

REX (shouting): *Hi! Come back. You're hired again!* He smiles, rubs brass plate whimsically with his sleeve.

FADE OUT



Disregard Medical Evidence, Warns Ex-Minister

"I very much regret that the medical profession when dealing with middle-class motor drivers do not understand that a person can be drunk." Mr. Chuter Ede

HE was just an ordinary company director, Neither very elderly nor notable for youth, Putting double whiskies down regardless of the consequence And down on his expense account regardless of the truth: Took his big saloon car with bonhomie and confidence And wrapped it round an island in the middle of the street, Wrapped it round a bollard like a ribbon round a maypole, And a policeman came and picked him up and put him on his feet.

And the middle-class drunk called a middle-class doctor, Middle-class to middle-class, laughing up his sleeve, To overlay the double Scotch in Latin technicalities Till workers on the jury wondered what they should believe: Coming at the double from his well-appointed residence, Callously regardless of the rightness of the cause, Swearing he was sober when he smelt like a distillery, In face of all the facts and in defiance of the laws.

I was just a worker on a power-assisted bicycle, Mellow with the wallop I had swallowed at The Swan; Wobbled just a little bit and nicked a lousy limousine Left by a director who had locked it up and gone. Up comes a constable and runs me in regardless, Said I was a menace and unfit to be about, Talked a lot of stuff about the influence of alcohol, And took me to the Station till my brother bailed me out.

I did my best to get a middle-class doctor To swear to dehydration due to chronic lack of drink; But the doctor he was due to dine and talk with other doctors On the ethical requirements of the doctor-patient link. So up we came together at the Quarter Sessions following, And I was reprimanded and incontinently freed: But the jury felt the other chap was just what they had read about And sent him down for seven months because of Mr. Ede.

P. M. HUBBARD

Dancing Gaiters

By TOM DRIBERG

SUNLIGHT blessed the Convocation of Canterbury. It set the gaiters dancing across Lambeth Bridge, blended purple cassocks in an impressionist fantasy with roses and delphiniums in the Archbishop's flowerbeds, glanced through the tall gothic windows of his library on the gleaming silver or gold of pectoral crosses.

"Please do not touch the books," said a notice above the Archbishop's head. "But what are they for?" asked the Bishop of Exeter, plaintively. Perhaps simply to delight the eye by their rich and mellow bindings, the ear by the alliterative litany of their alphabetical order: Featley's *Clavis Mystica*, Fenner's *Works*, Fiddes' *Discourses*, Fleetwood's *Sermons*, Hall's *Meditations and Vowes*, Hall's *Treatises*, Heylin's *Tracts* . . . No smoking; but the Bishop of Coventry played with, and used, his tin of snuff.

Few of the non-churchy know that Convocation claims an even greater antiquity than that of Parliament, and dissolves for an election when there is a secular General Election. So these were the first sessions of a new Convocation, postponed from May. Hence

a certain urgency which led to simultaneous debate on the same subject in both Houses—a procedure described and explained by Canon Smethurst, Synodical Secretary, as "peculiar . . . mainly owing to the behaviour of the members of our junior sister, the House of Commons."

Before assembling at Lambeth, members of Convocation had attended a service at St. Paul's, part of the order of which read:

The Royal Writ for summoning the Convocation and the Certificate of the execution of His Grace's Mandate . . . will be read.

The Registrar will præconize the members of the Upper House.

The Registrar will then read the Schedule of Contumacy.

The President will then admonish, in Latin, the Clergy to form themselves into a Lower House . . .

Having been writted, certified, præconized, scheduled against contumacy, and admonished in Latin, those present were sufficiently chastened to accept the quaint old designation, "the inferior clergy."

There must have been a good deal of dusting of old Latin grammars and dictionaries. Not only was the St. Paul's service, including the sermon, in Latin: each day's business at Lambeth opened with half the Prayer-book litany in Latin (which one zealous young reporter began to try to take down in shorthand). The first half was read by the new Bishop of Oxford, the second by the Archdeacon of Taunton, newly-elected Prolocutor of the Lower House. The sonorous cadences flowed smoothly enough from the tongues of both, though the Prolocutor had some difficulty with the unpalatable word *fidissimisque*. The pronunciation used was a seemly Anglican compromise between the "old" and the "new": "continental" vowel-sounds, but none of those Italianate "chees and chaws."

Dr. Fisher is a truly superb chairman—the essence of the art being to jolly everyone along so that there is unanimous agreement with the chairman's own view in the shortest possible time. He is never pompous: again and again he let slip such observations as "Then there's a tiny committee—I forget just what it's for" and "Is there



really any point in passing this resolution?"

He is in a sense—to use a Parliamentary analogy—Speaker and Prime Minister in one; and he gives Convocation far stronger guidance than Parliament as a whole would take from any Government. He said that the decision on the Church of South India ought not to be delayed because he had indicated to other provinces of the Anglican Communion that they would know the mind of the Church of England about it in May, and they had already been waiting for two months. Parliament would have resented being pressed by such an argument on an important issue of principle. Convocation did not resent it, no doubt because clergymen are holier and humbler than M.P.s.

Contrasts and comparisons with Parliament were irresistible—and Convocation came well out of many of them. Canon Smethurst—very much a key man—was unfortunately suffering from a fractured jaw. Perhaps the plaster he wore served as a symbolic warning against pride of oratory: at any rate, the speeches were in general briefer, less rhetorical, and freer from gesture than those of M.P.s.

As in Parliament or any other dignified assembly, mildly comic remarks or incidents excited disproportionate mirth. Bishop Sinker drew an appreciative roar of laughter when—after many others had spoken on South India—he opened: "I feel some diffidence in speaking about the Church of South India as I have not been there for fully eighteen months." For some reason, again, the House was convulsed by the announcement that a return ticket to Canterbury had been found in the robing-room.

Wit was taken as well as humour. The Reverend Michael Bruce remarked of the credal orthodoxy of the Church of South India: "I have no doubt that if you rooted around there you would find a certain number of heretics—perhaps as high a proportion as in the Church of England." The Archbishop pungently regretted an amendment by the Lower House depriving the Duke of Edinburgh of the epithet "versatile" in the Loyal Address. "It was the only word," he said, "which gave any human or relevant tone to the whole document. However, their Lordships are happy to accept the united advice of the Lower



House"—happy, it was ironically implied, that the document was now inhuman, irrelevant, and utterly correct.

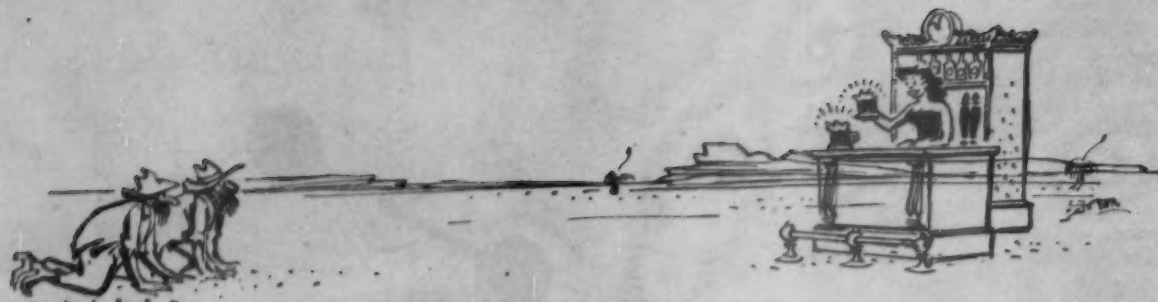
It was almost the only point in the whole two and a half days which the Archbishop had to yield. The only faint hint of the sort of clash familiar in the Commons—between "the machine" and the back benches—came when Archbishop and Prolocutor repeatedly asked that names of those wishing to speak should be sent in in advance. The Reverend H. Riley complained that this was a "new procedure" which would tend to make the debate more rigid. As Mr. Speaker might have, the Prolocutor assured him that this was only intended to make the debate better balanced, to facilitate not to limit it.

But there was such unanimity on the main issue, among so many succeeding speakers, that the debate resembled one

of those Commons debates on foreign affairs in which few speeches disturb the atmosphere of bipartisanism.

The proposition that the Church of England should gradually enter into closer relations with the Church of South India was, indeed, universally acceptable, with some difference of emphasis only on the tempo of the process—the Evangelical foot being on the accelerator, the Anglo-Catholic foot on the brake. Surprisingly, perhaps, the vehicle still seems to move, in the stately, cautious progress historically appropriate to *Ecclesia Anglicana*.

Bishops and parsons *en masse* are an easy target for the comedian or satirist. But the abiding impression of these three days is of men singularly free from rancour, sincere men, humbly confident that the spirit of God was moving among them.



The Bandit

By ANTHONY CARSON

A LONG time ago I bought a bicycle and crossed the Channel and raced the dying winter to Perpignan. At the Spanish frontier the drums of spring already sounded, and a wind from Africa, hot as a fabulous brothel, blew through the customs shed. Further and further south I went. "Seville?" I cried to people on the road. "Seville," they cried back, pointing, and slowly I reached young leaves and the cool swoop of arches and time sleeping like a dog in the sun. Then I climbed a hill, and orange blossom, like a perfume of ancient empires, was in the breeze. I saw an old man scratching the soil with a hoe. "Seville?" I shouted. "Seville," he cried back, and suddenly, as though he knew the urgency, took me by the hand and ran with me to the top of a hill and I looked down. Seville lay below me like an exquisite ivory chess set.

Two years later I returned to Seville, and stayed in a derelict inn across the Guadalquivir. In the distance I could see the elegant finger of the Giralda point to the sky. The inn was kept by a retired bullfighter, who had three sons, Luis, Pedro and Miguel. Luis and Miguel were bullfighters, Pedro was a footballer. "Praise be to God!" said his mother. Pedro had bulging calves and knew everything about English cup-ties. "To fight bulls is not a thing of education," he told me. Though Luis and Miguel lacked the modern education of the bull, they had more charm. Particularly Miguel. Miguel was a very young man who was just beginning to fight terrible old bulls in obscure villages. "They know Latin and Greek," he told me, "and are as big as cathedrals."

He was keen on his art, and used to

practise cloak and mullet with a wild boar, called the Bandit, which he kept chained up to an olive tree near the inn. The Bandit was growing a fine pair of tusks and ripped Miguel's trousers to ribbons as he practised with half veronica and went in for the kill with a wooden sword. In the evenings, when the inn was crammed with gossips, Miguel unchained the Bandit and it wandered in through the door and rooted among the tables. Everyone screamed and jumped up on chairs, and devout old women prayed to various regional Virgins, and manzanilla and anis ran all over the floor.

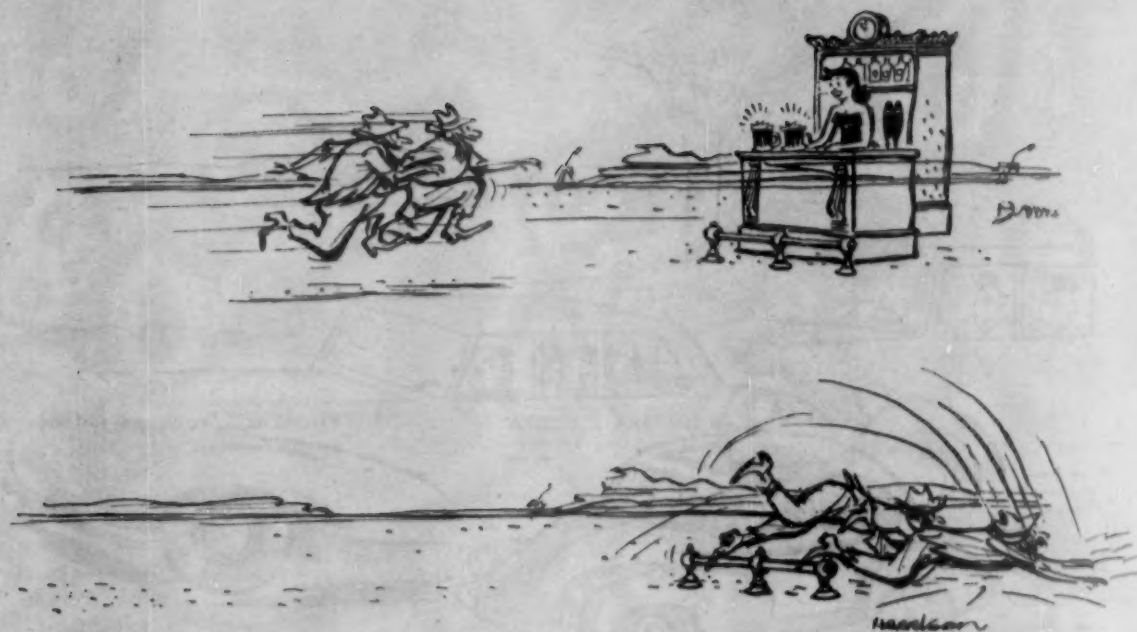
One day Miguel came into my room, which was crammed with a lot of rather bored canaries, and said "To-morrow we go to the carnival. You must get yourself a typical costume and we will hire a carriage and join the procession." I borrowed a black Cordoba hat, a white waistcoat and stove-pipe trousers. "We wear masks," said Miguel, "and speak in high falsetto. Nobody speaks in their own voice during the carnival." The next day we got into the carriage, and there were two gipsy girls in it called Consolation and Concepcion, and we joined a stream of other carnival carriages and screamed at each other in falsetto voices and posed as typically as possible. For about an hour the carnival was a gracious, quite elegant affair, and people screamed and threw flowers at the carriages, but later on everyone got drunk and they started throwing earth and I lost my hat and Miguel bashed a man over the head with a guitar. "This is a good carnival," screamed Miguel. "Now we'll get out of the carriage and walk down the street and sweep everyone off the pavement. Consolation and Concepcion, walk

behind us." We did this and later found ourselves in a cake shop near the Sierpes. "I must go," said Miguel, "and feed the Bandit." After he had left some young men came in and screamed at us and we threw cakes at each other, while the proprietor bowed and totted down each item on a bill. After the cake fight was over one of the young men waved magnificently and left. "The Marquis is paying," said the proprietor with another bow. "He never misses the carnival cake fight, does the Marquis. A proper young *señorito*."

When I returned to the inn, covered with cream, it was night and the fish were leaping like knives in the river. I started to make for my room, when I heard a terrible snuffing and froze where I stood. "Keep still," cried the voice of Miguel, now deep and natural. "Don't move an inch. He will probably only sniff at you. Behave like a tree." I listened to the snorting approach of the Bandit and behaved like a tree, though a trembling one. It zig-zagged through the night and nosed to my feet, suspicious and bristling. After ten minutes of toppling terror I heard it lunge away into the night and I tiptoed to my room and collapsed into the bed.

Later I left Spain, and Miguel saw me off at the station. "You will come back to Seville," he shouted. "I will come back," I shouted back. "For the carnival," shouted Miguel in a suddenly high voice. "For the carnival," I screamed back in falsetto, and the train left and I tried never to let the magic go; but it went, petering out among prams and privet and red brick crescents in the rain.

Twenty years later, grey and not so near the stars, I found myself back in Seville. I got myself a carriage and



drove through the old flower-studded streets, the barrio of Santa Cruz, the Alcazar, and then across the river to the inn of my honeymoon. A plump woman served me with a manzanilla. She looked at me with curiosity and said suddenly "You are the man in the photograph?" She pointed to a glass case which contained pictures of bull-fighters, and in the very centre a photograph of Miguel, myself, Concepcion and Consolation and El Sordo driving away for the carnival. I sat down and drank many manzanillas, and the Giralda glittered in the distance like a vision. The woman was Pedro's wife. "His father and mother are dead and so are Luis and Pedro. Miguel will be here this evening. I will tell him you are here."

I returned in the evening. It was already dark and I paused at the broken down gate of the inn. In the distance I could hear the tinkle and rumble of a guitar, and it woke a sleeping nerve. I walked forward and suddenly froze. Something was snuffling and snorting under the trees. I stood absolutely still for twenty minutes and then, as the creature got closer, I shouted "Miguel!"

All the lights of the inn went on, and a tall dark man came running out, laughing, to embrace me. A little way away, staring up at me with minute, suspicious eyes, was a tiny pig.

Ballade of Poetry and D.T.s

I TOO have voyaged with that wily Greek.
The Mantuan holds me with his haunting strain.
Horace the modern, Milton the antique,
Throb with the pulse of song in every vein.
I walk with Dante through the pits of pain
To see the stars of Paradiso shine.
But please don't read me those D.T.s again,
I cannot understand a single line.

Dan Chaucer is my friend. We leave the reek
Of London and we ride through April rain
"The hooly blisful martir for to seke
That men hath holpen" in a world more sane.
Then merrily, merrily rang the bridle rein,
Clear was the song, and glorious was the shrine.
But when you praise your Doodles, do explain.
I cannot understand a single line.

Unhelped, I hear the heart of Shakespeare speak;
Your skylark, Shelley, soaring not in vain.
Burns, whose dark plough cut many a golden streak,
Landor the rebel, Arnold the urbane,
And those two gaolbirds, Villon and Verlaine
With Parson Herrick, all whose words were wine.
You say a tulip twitters in your brain?
I cannot understand a single line.

Prince, I confess my brain is rather weak;
But, when your wombats from the murderous pine
Scream that the moon has muffins in her cheek,
I understand, and put my tongue in mine.

ALFRED NOYES



"I keep telling you: I'm using our second car because I'm more sensitive to the labour situation than some."

Attention, All Patrons

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

NOT long ago I wrote an article commenting on the mention in a dramatic critique of something called kreplach and said that I did not know what kreplach was. Eleven correspondents from addresses as far apart as the rockbound coast of Maine and the alligator-haunted Everglades of Florida have written telling me it is a sort of ravioli.

In another article I revealed my telephone number, and no day has passed since then whose low descending sun has not seen me answering calls from readers anxious to know if it is really my telephone number. One of them rang up from Pasadena, California, which must have cost him a fortune. He said—this seems almost inconceivable, but I am quoting him verbatim—that my books gave him a pain in the neck and he couldn't read them if you paid him, but he did enjoy my *Punch* articles and would I like a Russell Flint

print of a nude sitting on the banks of the Loire? I said I would, and it now hangs over my desk.

And what I am leading up to is this. Whatever we may think of a man who does not appreciate the really excellent novels I have been turning out this last hundred years or so, we must applaud his proper spirit. One lives, of course, solely for one's Art, but these are hard times and it is nice to make a bit on the side. I would like to see this thing organized. It would be a start towards reviving the old Patron system, the lapse of which we authors have all regretted so much. Let the slogan be "Back to the Eighteenth Century."

Those were the days. None of that modern nonsense then of the young writer submitting his novel to the scrutiny of a beady-eyed publisher and having to listen to him talking about the growing cost of paper and the impossibility under existing conditions of

springing the smallest advance. All you had to do was to run over the roster of the peerage and select your man. You wanted somebody pretty weak in the head, but practically all members of the peerage in those happy times were weak in the head and, there being no income tax or supertax, they had the stuff in sackfuls.

I have never found out what were the actual preliminaries. I imagine that you waited till your prospect had written a poem—and this was bound to happen sooner or later—and then you hung about in his anteroom till you were eventually admitted to the presence. You found the noble lord lying on the sofa with his mouth open and his lower jaw hanging down, and when he said "Yes?" or "Well?" or "Who on earth let you in?" you explained that you had merely come to look at him. "No, don't speak for a moment. Let me just gaze at you," you said, chucking in, of

course, as many "My lords" as you could manage. You wanted, you said, to feast your eyes on the brow from which had proceeded that Ode to Spring.

The effect of this was instantaneous.

"Oh, really?" said the party of the second part, softening visibly and blushing a coy blush. "I mean, Oh, really? You really liked the little thing?"

You smiled.

"Liked it?" you said. "It knocked me flatter than a Dover sole. That bit at the beginning—'Er, Spring, you perfectly priceless old thing'—some spin on the ball there. How ever did you do it?"

"Oh, I just thought it up and bunged it down. Thought it up and bunged it down, if you know what I mean."

"Genius! Genius! And that other bit—'Oh, Spring, Oh Spring, Oh glorious Spring, when cuckoos sing like anything.' Gosh!"

"Yes, not bad, was it? Rather goodish, I thought."

"Colossal."

"You aren't a writer yourself, by any chance?"

"Why, yes, my lord. I am a writer, my lord. Not in your lordship's class, my lord, but I do scribble a hit."

"Make a good thing out of it?"

"So far, no. You see, my lord, to get anywhere these days you have to have a patron, and patrons don't grow on every bush."

"I say, look here——"

"But don't let's talk about me. What are your lordship's methods? Does your lordship work regular hours or just wait for inspiration?"

"W. for i., mostly. I say, look here, old bird, how about me being your patron?"

"Your lordship's affability overwhelms me."

"Right-ho. Then that's settled. Tell my major-domo as you go out to start you off with a purse of gold."

Those are the days we want back, and, as I say, I think the Pasadena man has made a start in the right direction. What I particularly need at the moment are: Golf balls: Tobacco: A Cadillac:

Dog Food suitable for:

(a) a foxhound (b) a Pekingese

Cat Food suitable for: A cat

Also sport shirts, mesh-knit underwear and vermouth. Oh, yes, and I could do with a new refrigerator, and a few shares of United States Steel would not hurt.



Amsterdam is Meaning Eyes

By CHARLES REID

IN the 'plane home I check to make sure I left none of those silly presents behind. No, they're all here: the hollow glass seal full of kümmel, the pot Dutch peasant full of brandywine, the yellow wooden shoe holding a bottle of gin, the cottonwool nest with vased posy of everlasting flowers, reasonable, no, irresistible, at fl.10.50.

Next I sit back and check on my memories. What makes Holland Festival more bearable than most is that it is based on Amsterdam. When your lips are turning blue and your eyes beginning to cross from cultural surfeit you can always throw yourself into a canal, of which there's at least one in every other street. Or, muttering "The hell with Bartok's vierde strijkkwartet, the hell with kamerkoors and seventeenth century polyphony," you rest your elbows on a bridge parapet and stare at the canals instead.

Even on bright blue days the canal water is olive-brown, like some smoky Old Master awaiting a scrub down with scalding water and caustic soda in some Rijksmuseum backroom. The water tries hard, but gives it up, to reflect tall old trees that spring from quay cobbles and

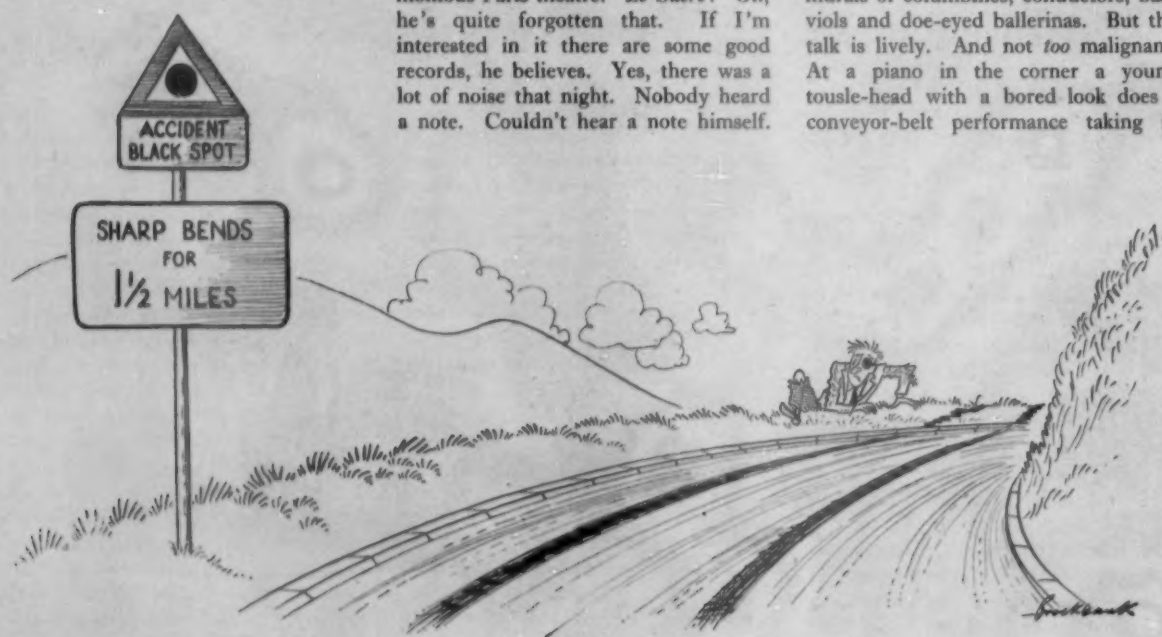
tall old houses before which vacationing carpet factors and kiddypit pluggers from Sarasota and St. Paul, behung and besotted with light-meters, genuflect for prizeworthy angle-shots. A string of horse cabs rattles by between the trees and the houses: a wedding party on its way to church. The cabbies wear cockaded top-hats and silver epaulettes. The Sarasota and St. Paul men fumble ecstatically with lenses and filters. Mustn't miss this, no, not on their lives they mustn't. Then, back they go, rescrewing, restrapping gadgets, sweating a little and beaming achievement, to the terraces of the American for iced chocolate.

In the dining-room behind Pierre Monteux is busy on a plate of ravioli. White walrus moustache, tubby, bald on top. The mane behind the baldness is black, curly and pomaded. Don't tell me Monteux is eighty. But there's no escaping it. The reference books all say: b. 1875. He still has the shining insincerity of Latin middle-age. "There are no bad orchestras," he tells everybody in Amsterdam, "only bad conductors." I ask him between forkfuls of ravioli about that apocalyptic night in 1913 when he conducted the first *Sacre du Printemps* in a rioting, pandemonious Paris theatre. *Le Sacre*? Oh, he's quite forgotten that. If I'm interested in it there are some good records, he believes. Yes, there was a lot of noise that night. Nobody heard a note. Couldn't hear a note himself.

Just kept on beating time and hoping for the best... When was I returning to London? Tuesday? I must give his love to the B.B.C. orchestra, that orchestra of all English orchestras he loves most.

With a four-foot wreath of laurel and roses slung on the podium to honour his eighty years, Monteux conducted the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Berlioz's *Le Corsair*, a Dutch symphony (Willem Pijper's third) and, believe it or not (I would rather not) the whole of Ravel's ballet music to *Daphnis et Chloe*. The Berlioz was superb: clean, tender, fiery of line and substance. Beforehand the Pijper had made me cower nervously. Years ago I heard something of Pijper's on the air that hit me like a rubber cosh. But this third symphony doesn't sound in the least like 1925, the trashy year it was written, and, although unusual, is understandable and elegant enough for export.

About *Daphnis* and many other matters a mob of us wrangled happily on bar stools until three most mornings in the basement of the Vondelpark Pavilion. Don't let anybody get you wrong about this Festival club. True, the place is lit by candles stuck in litre bottles. True, there are newly-dried murals of columbines, conductors, bass viols and doe-eyed ballerinas. But the talk is lively. And not too malignant. At a piano in the corner a young tousle-head with a bored look does a conveyor-belt performance taking in



Chopin mazurkas, *Somebody Stole My Gal*, bits of *Les Biches*, *Honkytonk Train Blues* and more other things than anybody ever remembered.

I fox, meaning locally I dance, with three girls. The first is from Budapest and has rubies and gold petals round her neck. Her eyes are dark blue. The second is from Sofia and has earrings like very small, very dear Byzantine chandeliers. Her eyes are medium blue. The third is from Amsterdam, other side of the park in fact, and wears pearls and Spanish lace. The eyes in this case are light blue. All six eyes are obsessively beautiful, recurring decimals of memory.

That morning one of those Sarasota or St. Paul boys, having low-angled an antique tower with gilded dials at the bottom of the Kalvertstraat, asked a polyglot policeman what the tower was called. The policeman answered "It is called The Munt. Which is meaning The Mint." With nearly the same precision Amsterdam for me is meaning six blue eyes. That is another thing to remember. When people say there are no good-looking women in Amsterdam, stroke your moustache with pensive fingers and put on the reminiscent, *roulé* look of a Maupassant type who knows better and has every reason to know better.

Still, the Festival, suitably slapped down and put in its place, must go on. A junior edition of Edward G. Robinson called 'Gene Kash, who conducts in Ottawa, thinks the full-out *Daphnis et Chloe* justifiable if only for Ravel's ritzy, Chanel No. 5 scoring. Whereas I say it's as tedious as a month of rainy, pre-1914 Sundays. However, we see eye to eye, and gleam a lot, about the Banana Split talk-piece in *Wonderful Town*, so amity returns.

At the Steddschouwburg *Figaro* ended long ago. Frans Vroons looks in, the Netherlands Opera tenor who has been singing *Basilio*. I tell him how right and fine and memorable he is in this part. Harold Rosenthal, who has a brief-case bursting with *Opera* mag- proofs, is every bit as enthusiastic. He shows this by taking a pace back and a pace forward with his head on one side, shutting his eyes and smiling like an affectionate scimitar. But why, I ask Vroons, did he wear that silly stage nose? Not a bit necessary, as it seemed to me. Vroons laughs forgivingly at the



"... and with that we return you from Old Trafford to the Studio."

ceiling, as good a way of answering a critic as any I know.

A chief-sub from Bologna, unleashed to do a bit of fine, remote writing for his paper, goes on and off about Byron. He gives the medium-blue eyes a telescoped quote from Childe Harold on the battle-field of Waterloo: "Stope! An umpire's dust is sepulchred below." Wait, I tell myself savagely, till he hears my d'Annunzio. A party back from The Hague grope for celebratory champagne. They are glitter-eyed and a bit delirious about Giulietta Simionato's singing and acting and the unutterable, inevitable clothes she and everybody else wear in Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algeri*. (This, a mainly Scala affair, conducted by Tullio Serafin, reached Amsterdam two nights later. It leaves me as glitter-eyed as the Hague party and for ever mean-minded about Rossini revivals as we know them at home.)

I do a bit more foxing. The pianist goes off into something that sounds like Busoni's *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*. The barman falls half an hour behind with orders. Hilarity is high but safe. A lean, keen man with striped bow tie and cigarette holder tells me he isn't a Milwaukee dentist as anybody might suppose but Han Knap, Amsterdam columnist: two thousand words a day, weekly radio piece, three books a year on this and that. For ten years he has

played his typewriter from eight in the morning until eleven at night six days a week. "And do you know, I think I'm adjusted now. Isn't that horrible?"

This sends me off into a morbid interlude. Of the sublime Rijksmuseum the best I can say is: that Frans Hals is the best copywriter federated lager-brewers ever hoped for. Of the worthy municipal art collection: that constructivist pieces made up of perspex sheets, nicked tubes, nuts and bolts tell less than nothing about art and a lot about the shape of oil-refineries and aniline dye factories to come...

But here, already, is Northolt. My memories are checked and intact. So are the hollow glass seal and the pot peasant and the cottonwool nest. It would have been nice to bring six blue eyes (and owners) with me as well. But I should have run into trouble with the Customs people. To say nothing of public opinion down the N.W.6 Gardens where I live.

Hardly Worth the Trip

"When I last met Mr. Minto, then Leader of the Opposition, it was in his home in Malta which is a rare thing on the island—a piece of modern architecture in a highly traditional setting. Now he is in London for the talks about Malta's future, which may last ten days."

Manchester Guardian



The Minister of Transport

Mr. Hugh Molson

The Sacred Cow
WHEN in the early days of railways the question of Parliamentary fares was before the Lords, the Duke of Wellington said that "I for my part will never do anything which shall encourage the lower orders to go wandering aimlessly about the country" and refused his support. To-day we all truly know that the main cause of traffic congestion is the enormous amount of utterly aimless wandering that there is both by the lower and of all other orders. But the question "Is your journey really necessary?" is a question which takes a World War before any politician dares ask it of his constituents. Instead Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER looks forward to a

time when there will be four times as many motor cars as at present, and Lord BEAVERBROOK will not rest satisfied until every family in the land has its car. There were many speeches on the Road Traffic Bill—some sensible and some far from sensible—some maiden and some far from maiden—but none of them dared hint at this fundamental truth. And yet there was at least one speech of great courage. In England we have succeeded in making the world safe for cynocracy. The dog, said Mr. PANNELL, is the Englishman's "sacred cow." The Englishman, who is allowed to take his neighbour into court or to beat his wife within reason without incurring any excessive moral reprobation, is expected to allow himself

to be barked at and slobbered over by other people's dogs without so much as a word of protest. It was time that somebody raised a voice of anti-dog, and all honour to Mr. PANNELL. A cause of accidents, he asserted, more important than bad brakes or middle-class drunks is dogs on the roads. They cause one accident in four—or is it one in six? Who shall say? And it was a great day for English liberty when Mr. PANNELL weighed into these tiresome animals. He who is not afraid of dogs will never fear the party whip. It is true that Mr. PANNELL only ventured to say that dogs should be controlled for their own sake. Perhaps one day a Member will dare to say that they should be controlled for the sake of human beings. The Opposition wanted the police to have compulsory powers to test brakes. Sir FRANK MEDLICOTT wanted them to have compulsory powers to remove golliwogs. Mr. Punch, remembering Toby, prefers Mr. PANNELL and "*cave canem*." "Power corrupts," said Sir FRANK MEDLICOTT, "and horse-power corrupts absolutely," but not nearly so absolutely as dog power.

"... Give the police power to ... insist that ... golliwogs are removed."
 Sir Frank Medlicott



The Rule of M

Mr. ANTHONY GREENWOOD, the Prince Charming of Heywood, Radcliffe, Rossendale and the Shadow Cabinet, was perhaps a little hard put to it to explain why a bill for which he had voted in the last Parliament had become "meagre, mean and muddled" in this—just because brakes were not to be compulsorily inspected in deference to the wishes of Socialist peers. "Meagre" it might have been if it had been pretended that it was the whole of the Government's policy, but why "mean and muddled" except for the fun of

alliteration?—and if, like “an Austrian army awfully arrayed,” he was going in for alliteration in a big way, why not go the whole hog of “m”s and say “a meagre, mean and muddled measure,” instead of “a meagre, mean and muddled bill”? Yet not even Road Traffic, the Socialist Front Bench or the letter “m” can make Mr. GREENWOOD an unattractive speaker.

Carrying Coals to Newcastle

Our ruder forefathers used to have a phrase in which they stigmatized an action of complete absurdity. They called it “carrying coals to Newcastle.” In our more enlightened days the whole machinery of planning is employed to see if by this manner of means we can do precisely this. It is the whole object of policy, and, provided that there are neither transport strikes to prevent the coals being carried nor mining strikes to prevent it being mined nor dock strikes to prevent it being unloaded, Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD thinks that it can just be done. And it is vitally necessary to do it, agree Mr. SHINWELL for the Opposition and Mr. LLOYD from the Government Front Bench, because it is vitally necessary to keep up our exports of coal. And how can we export coal if we do not import it first? Last year we imported £17 million and this year we are to import £80 million. Such is Progress, but the Moving Finger, Mr. NABARRO and the Avenging Sisters remain unconvinced.

Office of Profit

Two hundred and fifty years ago an Act was passed that anyone who accepted an office of profit under the Crown must vacate his seat and stand

for re-election. Then that Act in more recent years was amended so that it no longer applied to any of the offices where the profit was worth having or which an important politician was at all likely to accept anyway. On the other hand the law decided in the Pringle Case that an office of profit did not cease to be an office of profit because nobody got any profit out of it. And, indeed, it was just as well that it did. For otherwise the Chiltern Hundreds would not have been an office of profit. None of the Members who since Queen Anne's time has resigned by accepting it would have resigned. None of the Members who were elected in their place would have been Members. None of the Acts of Parliament enacted in the last two hundred and fifty years would have been Acts and indeed we would never have had a Parliament at all—which might or might not have been what the authors of 1066 and *All That* would have called “a good thing.” As it is, no one has the faintest idea who has accepted an office of profit and who has not. Mr. PANNELL may well be right in his suggestion, raised on the Ulster case, that to be in prison may itself be to hold an office of profit under the Crown. But ignorance of the law excuses no one—except, of course, the lawyers; and every now and again some poor, harmless back-bencher gets it in the neck, just to teach him to respect the law. For the moment it is Mr. GEORGE and Sir ROLAND JENNINGS. But Mr. PANNELL must be very careful. Two utterly sensible remarks in one week is well above the Trades Union ration for this Parliament, and he will be getting into trouble if he goes on making such good jokes. The other Members will ostracize the blackleg.

Glynese

On Tuesday we had promised ourselves a day in the House of Lords. Lord GLYN had put down a motion in favour of a review of the condition of national service. To show that he was impartial he spoke against it. This threw their lordships into some confusion, and on Wednesday they had to do the best that they could with Lord OGMORE and the Colonies, but their luck was out. For that again was interrupted by the announcement of the Cabinet's Malta decision. No one can accuse this Government of not having conferences. Hardly a day passes but the Prime Minister arises after Question Time to announce a conference about something somewhere or other in the Commonwealth, and this week with Simonstown, Cyprus and Malta he did a hat-trick.

The Little Victims

MR. MITCHISON, Old Etonian Socialist, was shocked at the notion that rating provisions should give any advantage to public schools. Mr. FENNER BROCKWAY, Socialist Member for Eton, did not seem quite so sure that it was altogether shocking. There was nothing that Mr. BROCKWAY enjoyed so much as a meeting of Etonians.

Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new
And lively cheer of vigour born,

and all of them—and in particular Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS's son—had apparently clubbed together to give Mr. BROCKWAY a whale of a time. They could not have behaved better even if they had been black.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"The dog should no longer be treated as the 'sacred cow' of British politics."—Mr. Charles Pannell



"He would have wanted it this way."



Gone From the Flicks

LAST year 25,000,000 people in Britain went to the cinema once every week and paid more than £100,000,000 at the box-office. And last year TV licencees representing some 12,000,000 viewers paid less than £10,000,000 in fees to see three hundred and sixty-five different shows. On an average evening four times more people were gaping at Harding, Mayhew or Boothby than at Monroe, Hayworth or Crawford, and were paying substantially less for the privilege.

Ten weeks from now the attractions of TV will be stepped up by the opening of the new I.T.A. service; the number of viewers is then expected to rise very rapidly (the "commercials" will be beamed at half the population before the end of 1956), and the film industry will face even harder times. In America, where TV has spread like a rumour of flying saucers, the cinemas have already felt the bitter wind of sponsored TV competition, and a fifth of their seating capacity has folded up since 1952. Wide screens, colour, drive-in cinemas and other innovations have undoubtedly made the movies more attractive, but they have not managed to arrest the decline in the attendance figures. In Britain, where similar writing is on the wall, the cinema's patrons have fallen since the war by nearly 400,000,000 per annum.

Is the cinema doomed? Can it possibly pay as an independent industry in direct competition with TV? Will there be some *mariage de convenance* to keep the big studios in production and the big screens alive with televised entertainment? Without some such arrangement it is difficult to see how the cinema can survive in its present form. The industry's costs have risen alarmingly in recent years with the introduction of the wide screen systems, colour and stereophonic sound, and seat prices at the cinema cannot be made stiffer—entertainment duty being what it is—without handing something like two-thirds of any increase to the Exchequer and driving away the young people who are now the cinema's chief customers. Would better films do the trick? Well, possibly they might, but the pollsters

have just revealed that more than 10,000,000 televiewers have been switching on to the recent series of film programmes "Fabian of Scotland Yard," and programmes more dreary and devoid of glamour than these it would be difficult to imagine. People would rather stay home o' nights and see rubbish on their little screens than visit the local for an eyeful of "Lollo," and my guess is that this new trend in the relaxation habits of the British will persist.

The future of the cinema and of

money invested in the film industry would seem to depend on the effectiveness of the liaison arranged with TV. Film producers have already seen the red light and seventy companies have either begun or are planning to make movies for commercial television. Some studios, notably those of Twickenham, Riverside, Highbury and National, have abandoned the cinema altogether.

TV seems to have the advantage at every competitive turn. Cinema advertising (slides and filmlets), which cost advertisers more than £3,000,000 last year, will soon begin to look an expensive proposition. At 2s. per thousand viewers (assuming an I.T.A. audience of five million) the Associated Broadcasting Corporation will charge only about half the rate of the cinemas, and the impact of its commercials is likely to be much more powerful.

Odeons excepted, all Cinema ordinaries are showing good yields.

MAMMON



Broad Acres are Shrinking

THERE was a time when the farmer himself chose the farm which he was going to buy or rent. In those days he used to walk every acre examining hedges and ditches and even prodding the pasture with a stick to determine the precise depth of soil. He would scrutinize the cultivations carefully: in the barn he would finger a sample of last year's barley and thoughtfully bite the grain to see if it was hard and white, and whether the land could be relied upon to turn out a fair malting sample. Even after this survey he would seldom be satisfied but would check the farm's previous sales with the corn merchant. It was a slow business then getting any prospective purchaser or tenant to make up his mind to sign.

But nowadays it is rather different. Perhaps that explains the anomaly which exists in the real estate market, where farms of two or three hundred acres with large fields suitable for mechanized cultivation fetch only £40 per acre even with vacant possession, whereas small holdings of only 20—50 acres can be sold for three times the price. And, of course, such tiny holdings cannot carry the overheads and depreciation on machinery. For a time,

estate agents were baffled by this tendency. Everybody had prophesied that the invention of the combine and the caterpillar tractor would mean that farmers would seek larger farms.

The reverse is true. The reason, of course, is that the farmer no longer chooses his farm. The decision now rests with his wife. And for her, amenities are more important than fertility. Main electricity, access to tradesmen and a modern kitchen are the things she examines while her husband sits dumbly in the car. The smaller the farmhouse the more he will pay for his acres. The house is the interest, the kitchen sells the farm. Indeed, the only way to-day of making a good sale of a farm is to have not a tied cottage but a tied domestic to go with it!

RONALD DUNCAN

Scientific Query

OH, why does every female child
That's born into this world of pain
Become a little Hippophile
Or else a little Balletomane?

R. H.



BOOKING OFFICE Architect of Power

Bismarck. The Man and the Statesman.
A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton, 18/-

MR. TAYLOR is astonishingly productive; his *The Struggle for Mastery in Europe* has only just appeared, and here, in a different medium, is a pungent, brisk biography. He is fascinated by power. The greatest statesmen, he believes, cut the knot of the future by ruthless improvisation. Bismarck, the Napoleon of nineteenth-century diplomacy, is a subject after Mr. Taylor's heart. He deeply admires him; only after his fall he appears to lose interest, even to turn on his ageing hero, so that an otherwise brilliant book rather tails off. And Mr. Taylor is so much intrigued by the details of power politics that one is sometimes left to plod through excessive detail: the historian has swamped the biographer. The index, too, is disappointing, being purely mechanical. Under William I are nine lines of numbers. Mr. Taylor might look at the index to one of Lecky's or Norman Douglas's books. These are only blemishes on a powerful and arresting work.

Bismarck, the great architect of power, the exponent of blood and iron—actually he said "iron and blood"—has affinities with Cromwell. He was no long-term calculator, like Richelieu, but saw immediate possibilities with marvellous insight and exploited them. His course was therefore tortuous and contradictory. He began as a Junker reactionary, then created a comparatively liberal Germany, which, had the Germans been able to work it, might have developed into a constitutional state. He ended as a conservative who, to keep the people manageable, initiated social insurance, that pillar of "welfare" society.

His own personality was also paradoxical. The monolithic military figure was, in fact, a highly neurotic civilian; the boorish reactionary had dazzling charm. "One of the few Germans to escape the influence of Hegel," says Mr. Taylor, his political theory was limited to the belief that the European peoples should be "sorted out" into their "tribes," a conviction that God was on his side and that the face of history is

an enigma. His career is unified by a colossal egotism. He could work only with subordinates; "never fought on equal terms." He was rancorous and vindictive and his physical toughness was amazing. He lived hard to a great age and died game to the last. He also put mankind permanently in his debt by inventing Black Velvet; there were thirteen thousand bottles in his cellars in 1890, and he swore to drink five thousand bottles of champagne before he died. He was saved from the effects of decades of gargantuan meals by "a



Reproduced from PUNCH, Feb. 18, 1888

slimming diet, which consisted exclusively of herrings. However curious this seems by contemporary standards, it did the trick," so that he was able, in Mr. Taylor's odd phrase, to "take up horse riding again." The doctor won him to this expedient by defying him: when Bismarck observed that he did not like answering questions, he replied "Then get a vet." Bismarck broke the conventions of the age of Metternich, when no German aristocrat smoked, by his addiction to cigars; his tastes, Mr. Taylor points out, were more those of a Hamburg merchant prince than of the rustic squire he had posed to be in youth—riding "halloeing through the woods" and letting loose a fox in a

drawing-room. This conscious toughness was perhaps due to his dislike of his mother: "he was the clever sophisticated son of a clever sophisticated mother, masquerading all his life as his heavy earthy father."

The turning point of his policy was the defeat of Austria in 1866. In a fortnight, though few realized it at the time, Prussia had become the most powerful state not only in Germany but on the Continent, for the French could no longer play off one German state against the other. Further, this development also reflected an industrial revolution which was bound to create North German preponderance, with its drive outwards to the West, while Austrian economic interests looked to the Danube. But the Franco-Prussian war was not, Mr. Taylor insists, contrived by Bismarck. He did not covet Alsace and Lorraine; even opposed the generals over the acquisition of Metz, while, significantly, he took no colonies from France in 1871. Then, as in 1866, he desired a moderate peace, and feared the vistas of revenge. Having created the German Reich, he wanted a quiet life; indeed, the later campaign for the colonies was merely a manoeuvre against England to discredit Frederick III and his English Consort in German eyes. "Germany," he said, "should keep within her frontiers."

His fall was utter and unexpected. He fell because the Germans wanted the adventure that William II was to give to them in full measure. Bismarck foresaw it all: "The clash will come twenty years after my departure if things go on like this." The prophecy was fulfilled almost to a month.

Bismarck died in a welter of boredom and hate. Caught in the toils of a system, of national sovereign states, enmeshed like Cromwell in the unforeseen consequences of his own acts, this frightening realist rose with constant virtuosity to the occasion, guiding the course of history with demonic gusto. Though he lived in a queer isolation, cut off from the rich intellectual and artistic movements of his time, he was a great genius; a superb exponent of the statesman's art of letting events work for him. He embodied in his monolithic appearance the kind of leadership that the nineteenth century

Germans admired—a Titan, but not, like Hindenburg, a wooden one. Yet the underlying motive was fear. "The pike in the European carp pond," he wrote, "prevent us becoming carp." Germany could only arm and "fear nothing but God." There was no way out, since the nineteenth century had abandoned the attempt to moralize power. Why, one wonders, does Mr. Taylor admire political immorality so much?

JOHN BOWLE

Officers and Gentlemen. Evelyn Waugh. Chapman and Hall, 12/6

This book completes the sequence begun in *Men at Arms*, but Mr. Waugh promises us further volumes on the subject of the war careers of some of the people who figure here. These will be acceptable, because he has started a number of hares that might enjoyably be hunted further. *Officers and Gentlemen* deals with a confused period, culminating with the Cretan campaign. Inevitably it partakes itself of some of the fog of war. We follow the fortunes of Captain Crouchback, now an officer of Commandos. The author's intensity of feeling drives the reader on, through scenes and people everlastingly changing, regardless, as the circumstances themselves of that period, of the fact that it would be nice sometimes to pause for breath. I most enjoyed Major Hound's personal withdrawal from combat, but thought it perhaps a pity that these happenings could not instead have befallen Crouchback himself. We are told Crouchback is unsympathetic, but rarely if ever see him behaving anything but circumspectly. There are some admirable pieces of observation such as: "In all his military service Guy never ceased to marvel at the effortless transitions of intercourse between equality and superiority." Lord Kilbannock characteristically misquotes Ebenezer Elliott.

Mr. Waugh shows all his accustomed skill in making one desperately anxious all the time to know what happens to his characters.

A. P.

A Rose for Winter. Laurie Lee. Hogarth Press, 12/6

Contemporary poets who describe their travels in prose are apt to be woe-fully over-poetic. Happily, Mr. Laurie Lee does not suffer from this rather shameful kind of deliberation. His winter in Andalusia is revealed as a journey of alert and sound sentiment. The evocative phrase does not sag with nostalgic wooliness. Fifteen years ago Mr. Lee, a violin on his back, accompanied by a beggar and a thief, knew Spain of the Civil War. He returned with a guitar, a fur-lined overcoat and a pretty woman to view the landscape and the people through the vision of love and maturity.

Mr. Lee's rediscovery of Andalusian mood and mobility is our discovery. His introductions to such cities as Seville and Granada are bold and luminous, and his

unimpassioned observation of bullfights stress a welcome impartiality—participation as a spectator is not obsessed by thoughts of rivalling Hemingway. *A Rose for Winter* is a truly distinguished travel memoir.

K. D.

The Green Mare. Marcel Aymé. Translated from the French by Norman Denny. Bodley Head, 12/6

"Once upon a time," so the novel begins, "there was born in the village of Claquebue a green mare, not of the rancid green which accompanies decrepitude in white-coated horseflesh but of a pretty jade green." At once, Claquebue, from being a place where nothing ever happened, became the village that loved to be visited (so good for trade) by tourists, scientists and even the Emperor. An artist "endowed with imaginative sensibility" thought of painting the creature in red, but was persuaded to make it recognizable. He possessed the secret (akin, one deduces, to Eleusinian mysteries) of endowing his subjects with life. When the mare died, her portrait continued to make comment on the four generations of her owners—their politics, intrigues and complicated family lives. The plot is ingenious, the writing ironical and in places wildly funny, but there can seldom have been a more wearisome tally of breasts, bosoms, posteriors, rumps, peeping under skirts and creaking of mattresses. The book is too long by half, its crudities become as exhausting as its recurrent innuendo.

B. E. B.



Canal in Moonlight. Kathleen Sully. Peter Davies, 10/6

This grim, queer, tragi-comic, amateurish, but never bitter or dull book is about life as experienced by a slightly simple hero, his ex-tart wife and their sixteen children in Bikka, where rats frighten cats and old bicycles and disused prams are quite naturally thrown into the canal. Miss Sully does not ignore the simple and sordid details, the lives built on bread, margarine and cocoa, but her book is full of humour. The theft of a lavatory basin, the purchase of a broken-down horse and an almost equally derelict car, the provision of a goat to give milk for nourishing the seventeenth child—out of such material she draws a wry, narrow comedy.

The other string to Miss Sully's bow, of emotional fantasy, is less successfully plucked. The deaths and disasters she finally, and almost casually, distributes to the Hoppe family are not convincing. But Miss Sully is an unusual writer and, when she draws from what is obviously personal observation, a powerful one.

J. S.

AT THE PLAY



The Shadow of Doubt (SAVILLE)

IN the strength and construction of its plot *The Shadow of Doubt*, by NORMAN KING, is far ahead of most first plays. The suspect physicist has become a familiar post-war figure, but his situation is given a new and sympathetic twist. Having written a tense first act, that interests and mystifies enough to send us out arguing, Mr. KING lets down the pressure in the second with some rather ordinary family developments; but the third regains a good deal of momentum. His dialogue is not imaginative; on the other hand it is lean and direct. This might have been much more than quite an effective thriller had he been able to make his characters real people and not just conventional pawns, and if the mental dilemma of the physicist had been expressed in discussion and not merely in a series of statements.

Politically he is innocent. In charge of top-level research during the war, he had stumbled on a formula so staggering that to him it came as a poetic revelation; having covertly switched part of his unit to its pursuit, he is discredited and sacked. In a moment of angry frustration he had then spilt his secrets to another scientist, not knowing him to be on the other side. After serving a long sentence, he changes his name and with difficulty becomes a clerk. His wife is loyal but strained. When the play starts his past has just caught up with him, through an anonymous letter to the Press, and, beaten and exhausted, he receives immediately a fishy offer from Eire that will give him a laboratory again. His old enemy from M.I.5 is watching and waiting, his wife has reached her limit;

but persecution mania has got him badly and he is desperate to return to the work which is his whole life. The action of the play depends on the moves and counter-moves on both sides, to snare or save.

There is obviously a good play to be written about the plight of a man of genius utterly hamstrung by the political results of his own childish singlemindedness. Intellectually Mr. KING only scratches at its surface, teasing our nerves, but not our minds; yet he scratches in a way which suggests that he should give us something better. The shallowness of the characters cramps the opportunities for acting, but ALLAN DAVIS's production extracts most of the possible excitements. As the scientist JOHN CLEMENTS is handicapped by never having the chance to talk with anyone who fully understands the ecstasies and agonies of research. All the same he conveys admirably the man's nerve-stricken misery, rising very well to his big speeches in the third act when all guards are down. RAYMOND HUNTLEY represents M.I.5 with sinister efficiency (do its senior members really listen at keyholes?), and as his mark on the spot PATRICK BARR combines domestic sleuthing with an affection for the scientist's wife, a clumsy complication with which the play could have dispensed. She has only to be fond and harassed, at which

JANE BAXTER is charming. The agent from Eire might have been more convincing. HENRY HEWITT contrives to look so shifty that even a nuclear physicist would have to be far gone to be taken in by him.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The doldrums continue. For hot weather fare try *The Reluctant Debutante* (Cambridge—8/6/55), *Salad Days* (Vaudeville—18/8/54) and *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55).

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

Rififi—*Françoise Steps Out*

THE novel by AUGUSTE LE BRETON from which *Rififi* (Director: JULES DASSIN) was adapted was called *Du Rififi chez les Hommes*, a phrase that seems to mean "rough stuff among men" and very well sums up the effect of the film and what it is about. Certainly it is full of violence (of which there has apparently been at least one small censorship cut, leaving audible scars on the sound-track), and the "X" certificate is understandable for this reason.

It is understandable too for the reason that this detailed narrative of a safe-robbery quite inevitably, however tem-

porarily, enlists our sympathies on the side of lawbreakers. This has nothing to do with moral attitudes: it is simply an emotional fact that when one watches a team of four men working in silence on an intricate and dangerous job and knows that discovery would mean disaster for them, and when the suspense is built up with such superlative skill as this, the result is a quite automatic, steadily strengthening wish that they should get away with it. The nature of what they are doing, the knowledge that it is wrong, are utterly irrelevant: one's reaction is in the pit of the stomach, not in the mind at all.

This scene of the actual breaking-in (through the ceiling) and the cutting-open of the safe is an absolutely brilliant bit of cinema, half an hour without a word spoken and more intensely gripping than anything I remember on the screen before. But the whole thing has an intense grip, from the opening shot of the hands round the poker-table (it seems a characteristic, and very effective, Jules Dassin device to open on some such close-up—another I recall is of a child's clockwork penguin—and then draw the camera back to reveal the rest of the scene) to the final episode, which as a concession to the tender-hearted allows a kidnapped child to be saved, in a dying gesture, by one of the criminals concerned.

It is all admirably acted, by people not much known over here (the director himself appears under a pseudonym as César, the expert safe-cracker), but its main point is the sheer excellence of its film-making technique. There is a constant combination of visual interest—as in his best Hollywood work (e.g. *The Naked City*) this director uses actual locations wherever possible—and the mental interest of the loosening puzzle, the gradual revelation of what is going on. This, with first-rate playing imaginatively directed and great speed of cutting, makes a simple story incredibly absorbing.

The English title *Françoise Steps Out* (Director: JACQUES BECKER) in a way indicates the position of this film in relation to the same director's *Edouard et Caroline* and *Antoine et Antoinette*. In the same convention, this would have been called *Henri et Françoise*: it is similarly about the difficulties of a young married couple. Actually the original French title of this one was *Rue de l'Estrapade*, which is the address of the flat taken by the young wife when she impetuously decides to set up on her own after learning of an extra-marital attachment of her husband's; but the English title, I suggest, rather obviously rubs in the rather obvious situation. The story is the very stuff of traditional French farce, but it is transformed by the delicacy and wit of the treatment, the verisimilitude of the circumstances and the youth and charm of the characters. ANNE VERNON is the wife, LOUIS JOURDAN (whom—Hollywood usually burdens with more solid parts) the



Manning—RAYMOND HUNTLEY

Arthur—JOHN CLEMENTS

[The Shadow of Doubt

husband, DANIEL GÉLIN the never very menacing Menace; and it is interesting to see JEAN SERVAIS, who is one of the leading criminals in *Rififi*, in a small part of a very different kind as the aloof and dedicated *couturier*.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another interesting foreign one this week was *Der Untertan*, or *The Underdog*, from HEINRICH MANN's novel: the old German impressionistic style used for rather heavy but entertaining satire. *East of Eden* is announced, and a version of the old musical *Hit the Deck* has begun; the only established one to mention (apart from the reissue of GARBO's *Camille*), is the very long-established *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55).

Again, nothing special in the new releases. Don't overlook *Marty* (15/6/55) or *The Prisoner* (4/5/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET

The Ballet Rambert
(SADLER'S WELLS)

PIERROT, man in stature and child in mind, is loved in the theatre because he is the epitome of all guileless and pathetic ineffectiveness. In a new ballet, *Laidrette*, by KENNETH MACMILLAN, the pathos is transmitted to Pierrot and Pierrette's daughter, and a moving note of tragedy added to her inherited destiny. It has been brought into the repertory of the Ballet Rambert and fully deserves the cordial reception which greeted it the other night at Islington. In Aix-les-Bains, where the company is appearing this month, the hopes and disappointments of little *Laidrette* should strike a responsive chord, since the spirit of French pantomime from which she derives is charmingly evoked and fantasiticated.

Abandoned by her impoverished parents on the steps of a rich man's house, *Laidrette* awakes to be caught up in the gaiety of a masked party. The Host falls in love with her—occasion for dancing of rare grace and purity—but on the ultimate unmasking she is revealed as the person she really is. Herein is tragedy most poignantly expressed by PATRICIA ASHWORTH, who throughout gives a lovely and touching impersonation of a bewildered and innocent child of another world dazzled as by a glimpse into paradise.

RONALD YERRELL brings an effectively contrasted social confidence to his dancing of the part of the Host.

Though the theme is not dissimilar from Mr. MACMILLAN's other new ballet, *The Lady and the Fool*, the treatment shows great freshness of invention; and there are pleasantly stylized décor and costumes by KENNETH ROWELL. The *Petite Symphonie Concertante* for harpsichord and orchestra by FRANK MARTIN



Tony—JEAN SERVAIS

used for the score being beyond the capacity of the small orchestra, it was reproduced from gramophone records—an expedient which inevitably lacks the requisite flexibility and does not avoid loudness and harshness.

Pas des Déeses, by ROBERT JOFFREY, with music by JOHN FIELD, also seen for the first time, is an elegant bringing to life of Chalon's familiar lithograph of the same name. The ballet follows no mythological plot but endeavours to project the legendary virtuosity of the three famous ballerinas, "the langorous Grah, the darting Cerrito and the floating Taglioni." Saint Leon (not, please, "St. Leon") is much in the background and has unaccountably changed his clothes for the occasion. BERYL GOLDWIN, NOREEN SOPWITH and PATRICIA DYER all look enchanting in the dresses of the period and dance most competently in character. But I do not feel that I know any more than before about the great originals.

The short season has enabled us to see again BERYL GOLDWIN's performance

in *Giselle* and so to strengthen the doubt of there being any serious rival to her in the interpretation of one of the most exacting and lovely of classical rôles.

C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE GALLERY

Bacon, Scott, Sutherland
(HANOVER GALLERY)

THREE of our leading painters are holding a minute exhibition together at the Hanover: Francis Bacon, William Scott and Graham Sutherland. Bacon has long had an affection for this gallery, the size of a chicken run, all part of his attempt to coop one up with his paintings. His figures, enclosed in some kind of transparent box, perhaps a four-poster bed, are themselves framed under glass; so that as well as the screaming business men you are yourself reflected in your own little box. The old complaint that he paints thick passages with impermanent mixtures like sand on unprimed canvas, so that the shadowy images themselves crack and fade as the years go by—which sums up what he thinks about it all—is however corrected: he puts hardly any paint on at all, and primes the back of his canvas instead. There are two new small paintings, very impressive, so-called life masks which capture the very patina of death—smeared, decaying, rain-rinsed flesh. They show more confidence in his own unaided powers; the subject is less hysterically treated. He is a good enough painter to do without gesticulation.

It is sad to see Scott and Sutherland take up some of the tricks Bacon is at last discarding. At least they suit Bacon. His is a disease which breeds its own creative fungi. His paintings scream, pester and importune. Scott is a simple painter, there is no need to put glass over his near-monochrome oils, nor to frame them wet so the paint comes off on the back of the glass. If you ask they will show several smaller, much richer Scotts downstairs, less abstract, harking back to his sharply realized fruit in bowls and fish on tables, which captured so purely the scales of mackerel and the sting of lemon. Pure abstract painting, to which Scott now leans, gives too few leads to our imagination; the painter's can fill a canvas, where ours can only grope.

The four Sutherlands are a cover-up. For a famous painter in his forties he is going through a period of curious infatuation. His portraits are Bacon-engendered. He has the disadvantage of particularizing what Bacon states in general terms. Bacon paints an imaginary Pope, Sutherland wants to paint a real one. A recent exhibition of his at a gallery which promised to specialize in "trompe l'œil, magical realism and Sunday painters" contained some weakly painted monkeys performing pure Bacon antics. Several other Bacon trade-marks made an unwelcome return visit.

MARC BOXER



ON THE AIR

The Doldrums

I AM beginning to change my tune. It had seemed to me that the transfer of staff and stars from the B.B.C. television service to the new commercial field would on balance prove profitable to the former; that the old brigade, trained, conditioned and hamstrung by the dreary conventions of Broadcasting House, would be replaced by bright young things eager to master the new medium and make it sparkle with entertainment and controversy. Now I am not so sure. The signs are that the I.T.A. service will open with a bang and leave Lime Grove whimpering in pursuit.

Whatever the reason—the drain of talent, preoccupation with cricket and tennis, summer starvation, or jitters occasioned by the near approach of September—there has been a remarkable decline in the standard of the B.B.C.'s programmes in recent weeks. Christopher Mayhew's last attempt to explain international relations was dull and evasive, "Panorama" has lost its sparkle and become a jumble sale, "News and Newsreel" has remained "News and Newsreel," the new series of comedy shows has misfired, parlour games have reached a new low with "Something to Shout About!" and the drama department has reached the bottom of the barrel.

For the moment I shall be charitable and assume that the B.B.C. is dogging it through the doldrums to conserve its energies for September and the equinoctial storms of fierce competition.

"Something to Shout About!" is a panel game, yet another attempt to create entertainment on the cheap out of nothing. The formula is simple: gather together four or five personalities (a spot of



[Something to Shout About!]

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER—IAN CARMICHAEL—AVRIL ANGERS
NANCY SPAIN—JOHN BURNS—MACDONALD DALY

glamour and a spot of bother), get them to mouth the old circumlocutory clichés ("Would I be right in thinking that . . . ?"), and hope for the best. If the panel, heavily prompted by the audience, manages to discover that the challenger has been "in the newspapers" it is rewarded by a storm of studio applause. If it utters a word of self-deprecation the studio audience shrieks with laughter. A lamentable exhibition.

In this new game the panel is invited to discover the identity of people who at some time or another have won awards, medals or titles—anything from the Femina Vie Heureuse to the Gas Board's Knobbly Knees Championship—and Avril Angers, Nancy Spain, Ian Carmichael and John Burns lost no marks with me when they failed completely to enter into the spirit of the game, steered clear of all the correct answers and looked thoroughly unhappy.

J. B. Priestley's show has run its course without at any time climbing above the

faded mediocrity of the first instalment, and has now been followed by a TV version of "Life With the Lyons." It is possible that listeners who approve of the Lyons' brand of radio inanity will enjoy this quick-fire, all-talking burst of domestic farce, which is certainly put across with immense gusto and efficiency, but machine-made patter (even with a transatlantic accent) and endless variations on one joke do not add up to successful television comedy. This was the Grove Family gone haywire and projected at the speed of an early Mack Sennett movie. Unfortunately it wasn't funny.

As for "Panorama," one can only suppose that Messrs. Barsley and Furness (editor and director) are running short of material and ideas. The show has always been of the hit-or-miss type, extremely good when interesting news and interesting people have cropped up at the same time, and preternaturally tiresome when they haven't. I get the impression that "Panorama" relies far too much on things cropping up, that not nearly enough spadework goes into its preparation. It should be possible once a fortnight to find enough subjects and enough talent to make this a consistently bright, witty, topical and instructive magazine programme; it should be possible to avoid such debilitating items as the recent cross-talk on passports. If we cannot have a Somerset Maugham in every edition we should at least be spared people who have little to say and far too much time to say it in.

And then—to continue this catalogue of stricture—there was a play, *Miss Patterson*, with Fay Compton in the title rôle. Oh, dear!

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



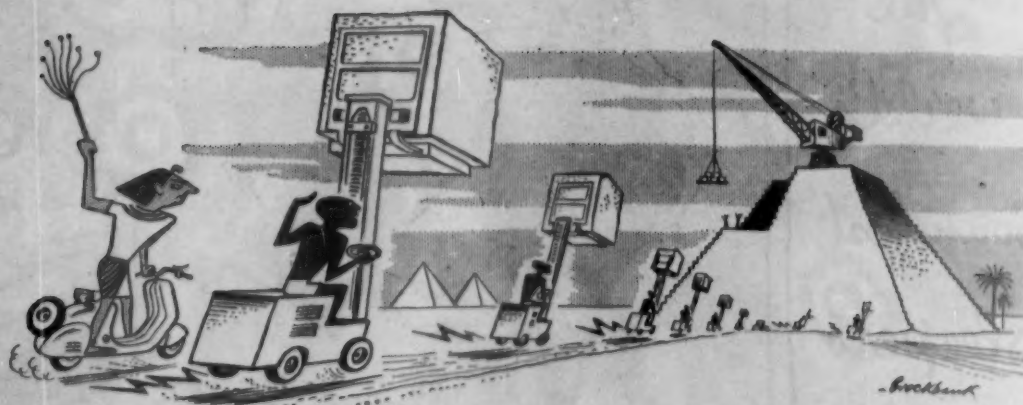
DODGINS

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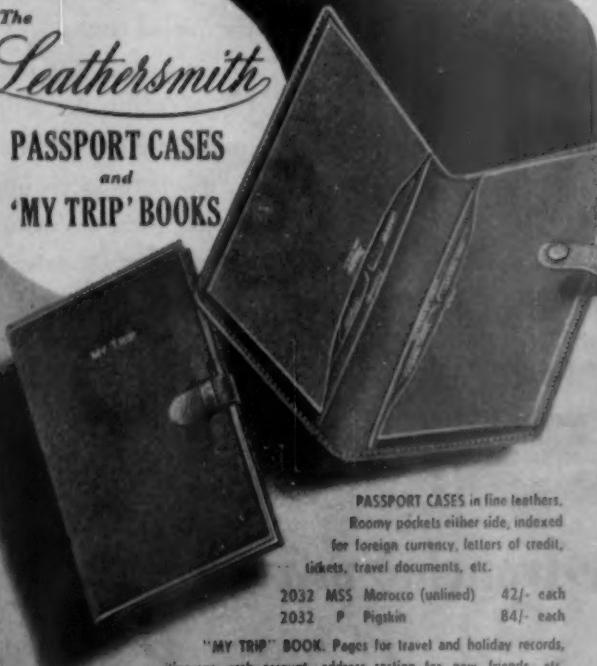
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Punch, July 13 1955

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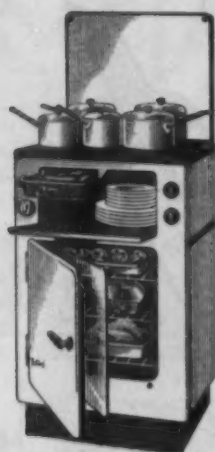
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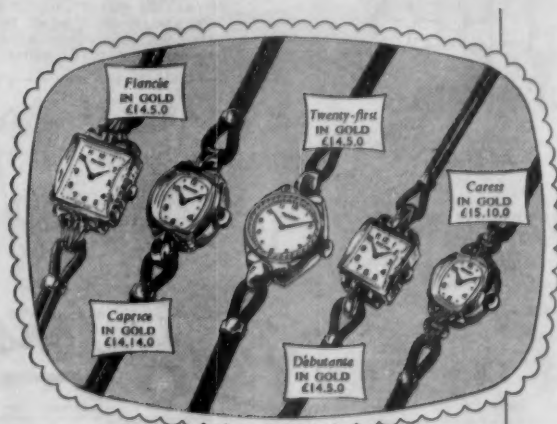
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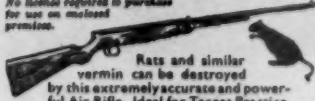
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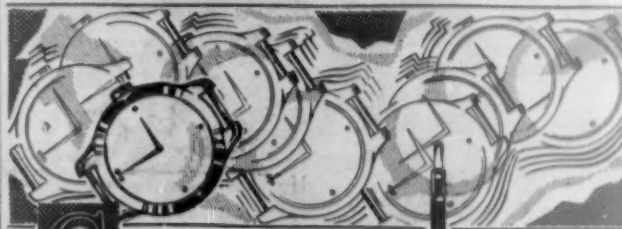
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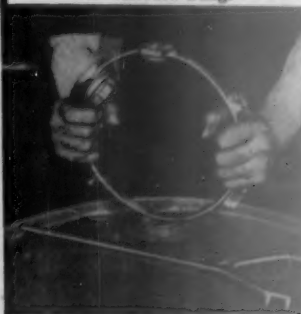


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